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Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Photograph WELL-DESERVED CHEERS: MR. ASQUITH'S FIRST TASTE OF POPULARITY [*G. P. U.*

The Premier's reception outside Buckingham Palace at the mouths of men in the street who are certainly not all of his own Party, for his championship of the King against the rabid attacks of frantic scribes, makes him for the first time a generally popular figure

"Glorious Goodwood"

In former days, there would have needs been an atmosphere of death, disaster, and damnation, about a Society journal published this week. For is it not Goodwood week, which is—or rather was—the end of all things? To exist in London after Goodwood was thought to be an impropriety, for of course "everybody" was off, via Cowes, to the moors, the spas, the mountains, and the deep blue sea. Things have changed, however, and "people" dare in Goodwood Week to be in town and yet still alive. For the great world has at last emancipated itself from the season, and if it has to stay in Town after Goodwood, it just stays.

***

The "Twelfth" Legend

The desire of Parliament to be up by the "Twelfth" is another legend of the past. How many of the people's representatives know a grouse from a partridge or a pheasant, or one end of a gun from another?

***

The Park That Is—and Was

This last week of the "season" has, in fact, been the most stop-in-townish of them all. Politics, the despised things, just kept us there. There was no moving. It was "some" crisis. One walked to St. James's Park with the same automatic precision that in other years one would have walked to Hyde—to see the people who were out doing things instead of those who were out leaving them undone.

***

Crisis, Crisis, Everywhere

There is a slight boom in activity, let it be said, and to be leisured is no longer modish. Even the "nut" had on his lips the conventional request of another nut for news or views on what was happening or about to happen. For once it needed not the news-placards to tell us that there was a crisis. That was written in the very air.

***

Heroes of the Hour

And the occasion found its heroes. First among them, with the man in the street, was His Majesty the King, whom everybody save the Radical Press, agreed to have acted boldly and rightly: next—yes, I am going to say it as shouldn't—next was Mr. Asquith. Never during his six years of office has the Prime Minister stood higher in average estimation than in these days when, throwing party tactics to the winds, he boldly took responsibility for his Sovereign's deeds and words, and not only that, made them forcibly good. The crowned heads of Europe may well envy King George his Prime Minister this once. Had his cousin the Kaiser only had an Asquith instead of a Bülow on the famous occasion when he got into trouble with *his* Radicals, his later years might have been infinitely happier. Asquith has done nothing finer in his whole career than that cool putting on his own head of the cap of "responsibility and sober-mindedness" which his frantic followers had so ludicrously assumed to have been intended only for the party opposite.

***

A Generous Offer

Some industrious person ought really to undertake to write the history of the Radical Press during the existence of the Radical Government. 'Twould make a pathetically humorous tale. How official Liberalism must now regret that it failed to come up to scratch at the moment and save the *Tribune*. That what is, I suppose, a great political policy, should be dependent for its journalistic championship on men capable of making themselves such superlative asses in the eyes of the country, is indeed tragic. We have almost felt sorry enough for Liberalism to offer it THE BYSTANDER'S services for a short time.

***

A Clashing of Sensations

It was tiresome that Conference Week in London should have clashed with Caillaux Week in Paris, and that we have been unable to share with our neighbours the sensation of following with undivided interest this extraordinary drama of murder, love, hate, passion, and high politics. We might even have wished that the five fairly well-known ladies who have brought their matrimonial affairs into the London Courts all at once had been able to save them up for another occasion. Each one of them has had some interest of its own.

War Crisis in Europe

Photograph] THE ONLY PLACE AT WHICH ANYTHING HAS YET HAPPENED *[Sport and General*

Belgrade, the Servian capital, evacuated by the King and Government on the refusal by Austria to accept Servia's reply to the ultimatum. The latter has now, it is said, made Kragujevatz her headquarters

ICHABOD!

A European War and an Impotent England.

Since writing the previous somewhat jaunty lines, the news has come in of a European crisis of No. 1 size. I cannot profess to be as surprised as are most of my confrères on the Press, for only last week it was complained in these columns that—

"To the London newspapers there seemed no European problem at all, and this at a time when Europe is armed to the teeth in a state of preparedness any moment for the worst. The event of Serajevo, which is a 'dead' story to London, is a very live one to those who inhabit the European mainland . . The interchange of 'civilities' (accompanied by Dreadnoughts) between various Powers, is looked on as due to a good deal more than the desire to be nice and friendly. To London, however, there is Ulster, Ulster, and only Ulster."

* *
*

It was our lot to speak exactly the same warning many weeks in advance of the last European war. We do not profess unusual powers of divination. It is merely that the rest of the Press seems not to possess usual ones. WHY was it assumed that Austria would leave unavenged the assassination by a Serb of her Heir-apparent?

* *
*

Why, again, did our Press allow to pass unnoticed the suspicious death in the Austrian Legation at Belgrade of the all-powerful Russian Minister de Hartwig? Did it need powers of second-sight to suspect that, for the last few weeks, Russia and Austria have been watching each other like two tom-cats? But the fact that Kaiser Franz went to Ischl and Wilhelm to Norway, however, lulled us all to sleep again, and while we are neck-deep in the Irish bog, crash goes the Peace of Europe, and England unable to move a man—or even, probably, a ship—to save it. We can only exclaim, *Ichabod!*

WHAT WAS THE MESSAGE?—

A "SNAP" OF MR. BALFOUR

Can the message be the one reproduced in the corner, which we telepathed to him on Friday?

Principals in the Caillaux Drama

M. CAILLAUX
Husband of the prisoner

MADAME GUYEDAN
M. Caillaux's first wife, whose confrontation with her late husband was a dramatic event of the trial

MADAME CAILLAUX IN THE DOCK

"Lettres Intimes"

In the Caillaux case, there have been more dramatic incidents than one has space to comment on. That, however, which strikes me as being the most relevant to the case itself—which, one may remind readers, is the trial of Mme. Caillaux for the murder of M. Calmette, of the *Figaro* — was the prisoner's complete collapse on the reading of the "lettres intimes" from "Ton Jo."

***

Hysteria

The fact that so much emotion should be shown at letters which do not strike one as being very much more lurid than most "letters read in court," shows clearly that Mme. Caillaux was hysterically super-sensitive. It may be possible to prove her action to be the result of temporary insanity and to secure acquittal. No doubt we shall all be scandalised at any such verdict, but whatever our feelings, it will be well to remember our manners, and the fact that France is not England. Already there has been much ridicule at the expense of French legal methods as compared with our own.

***

National Temperaments

It is always very stupid to have strong opinions about foreign legal procedure at all—remember what fools we made of ourselves over the Dreyfus case—because different national temperaments demand different judicial methods.

***

Our Own Cobwebs

We have lots of judicial cobwebs on our own ceilings if we want to do any brushing, without going across the road to help our neighbours unasked. All things said and done, the shooting of Calmette was not quite an ordinary murder, and there seems to be no particular merit in congratulating ourselves that we should have treated it as one.

Photograph *Manuel*
MAÎTRE CHENU
Counsel for the interests of the late M. Calmette

Photograph *Manuel*
MAÎTRE LABORI
Counsel for the defence

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Why Not?

Now that Musical Comedy is definitely out of favour, perhaps some enterprising theatrical manager will give us a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. They are old enough to have ceased to be old-fashioned and have passed into the stage of quaintness. Moreover, we in London have not seen a really first-rate performance of any of them for years. Lastly, and of course only incidentally, they are probably the best productions of the English Theatre for a hundred years.

* * *

The Deserted Row

The morning Row is now like Goldsmith's deserted village, so far as the promenaders and the sitters are concerned, but all the dowdies and country cousins are sure find there, and the only ones conspicuous by their absence are the smart London folk. Only Colonel FitzGeorge and Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, of "London men," still saunter up and down. In a way, this fading of a great season is pathetic.

* * *

The "Leisured" Classes

So, London season, au revoir! From now till May we shall all behave like sensible "grown-ups" and neither receive nor accept more invitations than we have leisure to enjoy. One well-known lady habitually bids her friends "good-bye" at the beginning of each season, for she says "We sha'n't see each other again till the rush is over." Leisured classes indeed! Why for months they don't exist, in London at any rate.

* * *

Patent Medicines

Congratulations to the authors of "Secret Remedies," and, indeed, the whole medical profession on the result of the "Stevens' Consumption Cure" case. Perhaps one may hope that it is a sign of the spread of education among the nation at large. Hitherto it has been almost impossible to convict the owners of patent medicines of fraud, for the simple reason that nine out of ten people believed in them. And, of course, the proportion was always reflected in the jury, with obvious results. Unfortunately, too, owing to the advertisement revenue concerned, the Press had an apparently irresistible inducement not to take the matter up. So "Patent Medicines" ruled, indeed still rule, supreme, but this case will shake their despotism not a little.

* * *

Short Hair for Soldiers

The Eton Officers' Training Corps has been getting into trouble for wearing (collectively) its hair long. I believe it was even referred to contemptuously as "foreign-looking." As a matter of fact, foreigners mostly wear their hair a great deal shorter than we do, as you will find out to your cost if you patronise a French, German or Italian barber without a preliminary caution. And why shouldn't soldiers wear their hair as they like? I seem to remember reading of three hundred Spartans spending the night before Thermopylæ in "combing their long hair." The craze for close-clipped heads is quite modern, and has nothing whatever to do either with effeminacy or the reverse.

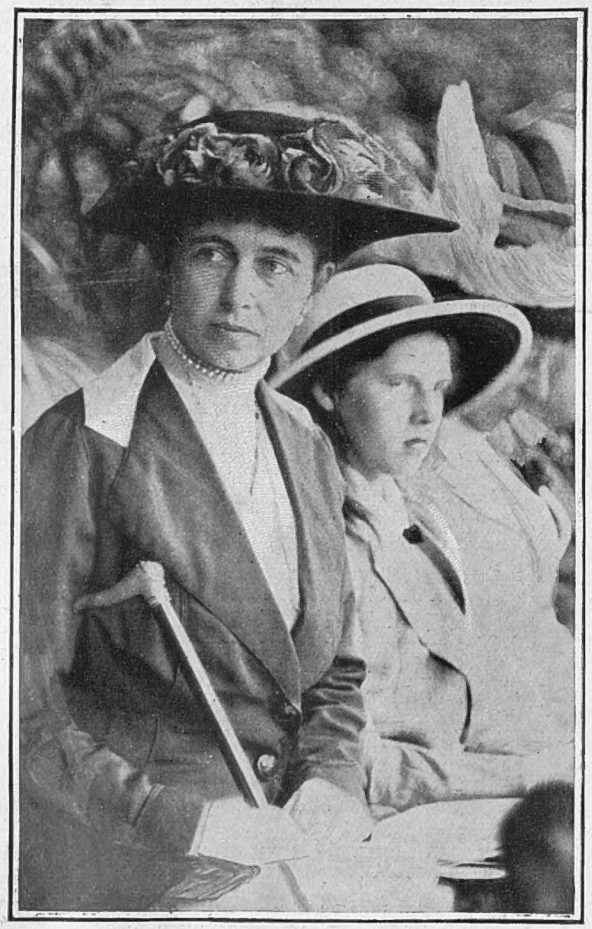
* * *

The Divorce Season

A good deal of comment has been made on the fact that no less than five well-known people have patronised the Divorce Court on the same day. And everybody draws different morals according to their different prejudices, always, of course, maintaining that theirs is the only right one. In reality there is no "only right one," except, perhaps, the self-evident fact that the old prejudice against divorce is disappearing. But I suppose we shall hear a good deal about

PRINCESS ALDEGUNDE OF BAVARIA

Eldest daughter of the King of Bavaria, who is announced to have become betrothed to Prince William of Hohenzollern, Dom Manoel's father-in-law. The Prince is fifty years of age



QUEEN SOPHIE OF GREECE

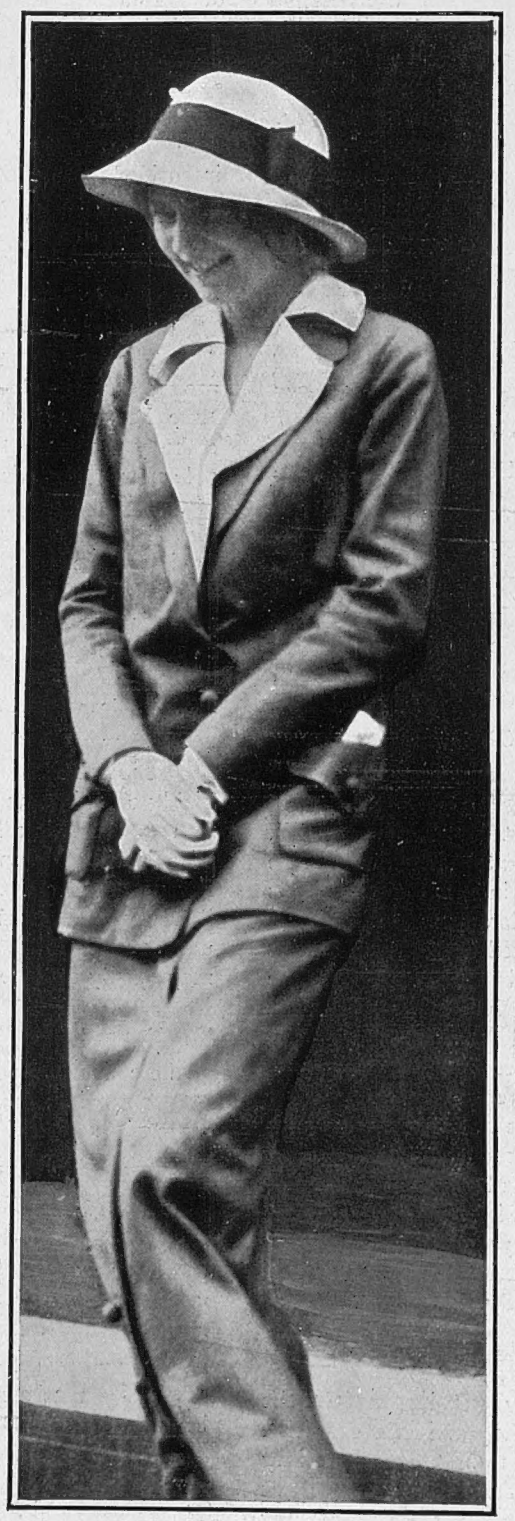
With her ten-year-old daughter. She is on a visit to this country and is here seen at the Eastbourne Dog Show

People Who Keep Smiling

IN SPITE OF THEIR MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES

LADY JULIA G. AFFLECK

Who has obtained a decree nisi against her husband, Sir Robert Affleck, J.P.



MRS. E. CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS

Who obtained a restitution order last Thursday against her husband, Mr. E. Crawshay-Williams, late Liberal M.P. for Leicester

MISS GABRIELLE RAY

Who has been granted a decree nisi against her husband, Mr. Eric Loder

MRS. DELPHINE SASSOON

Whose marriage to Mr. Victor W. A. Sassoon was annulled last week by Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane

OBTAINING a divorce or an order for restitution of conjugal rights is not a matter of very oppressive seriousness—at least that is so if we are to judge from the pictures of well-known people seen above, all of whom obtained decrees nisi or restitution orders last week

MRS. DUDLEY-WARD

Better known as Miss Maidie Hope of the Gaiety, who was granted an order for restitution of conjugal rights

"The Sins of Society" from Anglican and Roman ultramontanes. Which is the silliest cry of all. Divorce is a medicine, of course, and not for those in a normal healthy condition; and the use people make of it depends entirely on themselves. But it is absurd to regard a medicine as an invariable evil. For it is not. Does anyone, for instance, really think Catholic Austria, where there is no divorce, more moral than Switzerland and Norway, where it may be had almost for the asking?

(Continued on page 258)

The Conference—and After

BY "SOTTO VOCE"

Failure

Where do we stand now? How will the failure of the Conference affect the Irish Question and the fate of the Government? Week after week in these columns we have stood alone in insisting that the Irish Question was insoluble. Now that the Conference has failed, the very last ghost of a chance of settlement has gone. In all controversies there is an irreducible minimum, and in the case of Ireland it has been reached long ago. We touched bed-rock. Force and force alone will change things.

***

The Government's Position

How does the Government stand now? Well, they were in a desperate plight before the Conference, and they are in an infinitely more parlous condition now. It was their Conference, and not the King's. The King was exploited by them. Towards the end of the week before that in which the Conference was summoned a grave and wholly unexpected division rent the Cabinet. The Radical Press admits that four Ministers declined to go further with Mr. Redmond. My information is that there were seven. Now there are likely to be more. Then it was that Mr. Asquith hurried to the Palace and persuaded the King to do by Royal command what he had failed to achieve by personal appeal and get the Eight Leaders to meet. We shall have to wait long years before we know whether the Premier told the King that he had come from a rent Cabinet. Personally, I doubt it.

***

Cabinet Dissensions

There were grave Cabinet dissensions before the Conference. What is the Cabinet's condition likely to be now? I am able to state with certainty how it was that the differences arose. It was not because of the Irish situation. There was nothing new in it. It was solely on account of the intolerable responsibility that was to be thrown on His Majesty. That a King should be compelled to sign an Act which would inevitably result in Civil War was considered by men whose patriotism was greater than their love for Party to be an outrage in which they would take no part. Now that the Conference has failed, these men will be more obdurate than ever.

The Widening Rift

So we get back to the Cabinet conditions before the Conference. Who is there who is fit to be outside of Bedlam who will believe that the handful of patriotic men who sought to protect the King before he was assailed will desert him now when they have seen how unscrupulous and how malevolent are those who are waiting to attack him? I am assured that the Cabinet rift has widened and that feeling has been intensified, and that as the result the Government must certainly go to the country before His Majesty is asked to sign the Bill.

***

How Long?

And there is another reason why this should be. The fact that there was an Amending Bill at all proved that the Government believed that the Home Rule Bill was faulty. The Amending Bill was to embody the consent of all parties. That is unthinkable now. There is no such thing as consent in the whole controversy. The Amending Bill may be played with for some days merely to give the Cabinet time to think, but it is dead. And the Home Rule Bill is dead, too. And the Government is dead as well. When are we to be bidden to the funeral?

***

A Republican Party?

Another peril threatens the Party. The London Liberal Press and some of the provincials were highly organised and inspired, but this was in opposition to the Prime Minister and to those who think with him. Mr. George has been very busy these last few days, and is frantically building up a coalition of Radicals, Labour men, and Nationalists who are to unite on a basis that borders on the revolutionary, and may openly espouse Republicanism.

***

The Doomed Act

There is one point which has escaped general attention, and which has deeply impressed responsible men in both parties. The Parliament Act must go, and in its place we must have a strong Second Chamber on an elective basis. The operation of the Parliament Act alone made the attacks on the Throne possible, and similar developments would be certain in similar conditions. Under the Parliament Act the Sovereign will always be driven to decide whether it is his duty to sign or refuse to sign a measure for which the Government of the day claim that a mandate was given several years before.

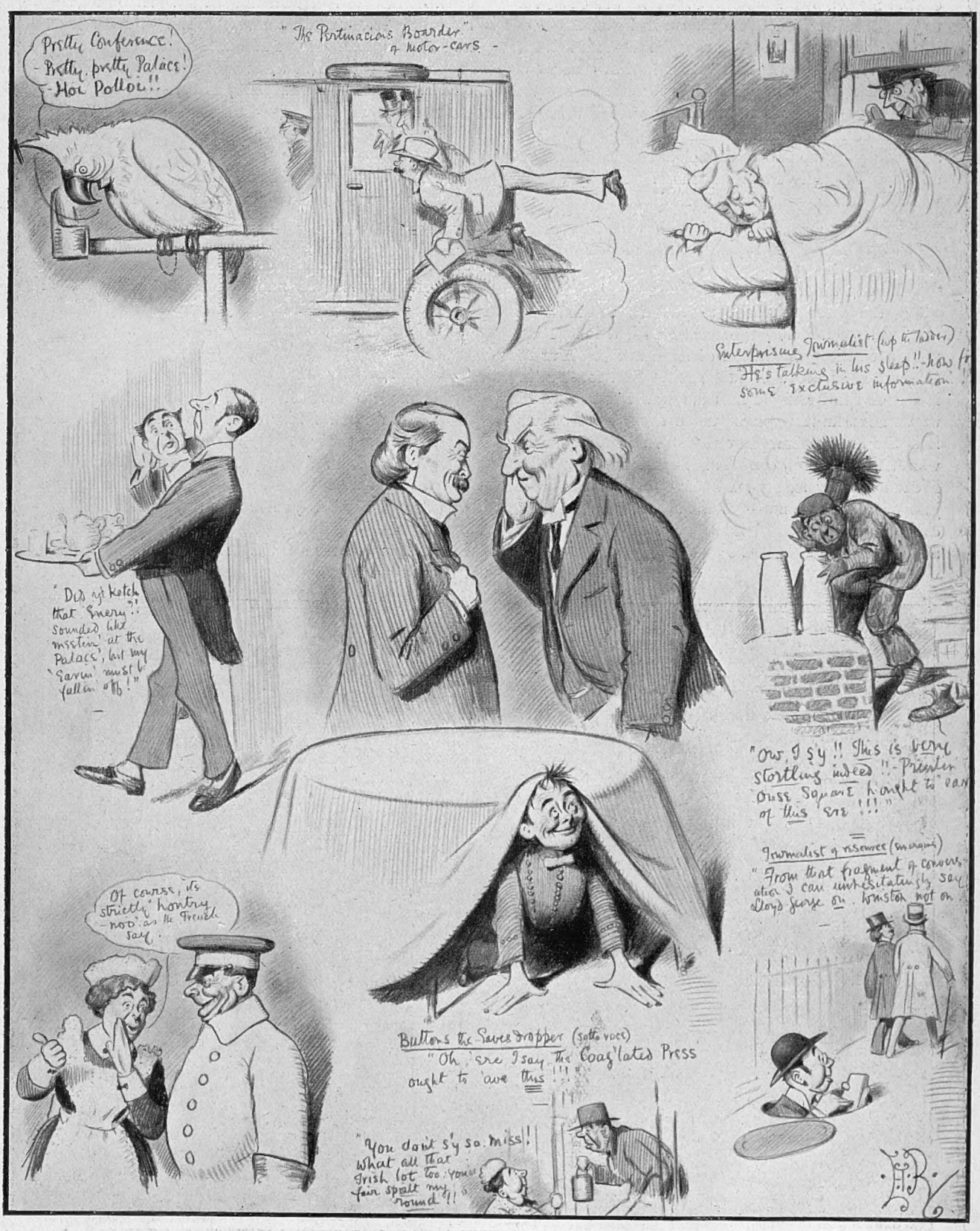
***

A Correction

Last week a story was printed on this page to the effect that a Unionist candidate was suggested by headquarters to a Lancashire division who was reported by me to have advocated the shooting of Trade Union pickets. I am assured by the Unionist Central Office that there is no truth in this report, and beg, therefore, to withdraw the story unreservedly, and regret any annoyance that may have been caused by its publication. SOTTO VOCE

Studies in Leakage

OR HOW THE GREAT SECRET OF THE CONFERENCE WAS GIVEN AWAY



Somehow, to somebody, somewhere the news that there was to be a Buckingham Palace Conference last week leaked out, and the Unionist Press, to the great indignation of their Radical contemporaries, got hold of it a clear day before them. Mr. E. T. Reed makes some suggestions above as to how this could have happened

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

Libelling "Monna Vanna"

The dramatic critic was evidently intended by Heaven to be a warning to decent people not to write plays. Listen to this: "The author's object in combining the legend of Lady Godiva with the central motive of Barrymore's *Nadjesda* was obviously to give the late Mrs. Grundy an awful shock." And who do you think the "author" is? Maeterlinck. Personally, I am no enthusiast for him in general, or for *Monna Vanna* in particular, but that an artist should have to endure an insult like this from a newspaper hack is shameful. Fortunately, nobody who is anybody pays attention to the dramatic or musical critics of the daily Press any more. And by writing vile and obviously footling libels like this they only drive another nail into their own coffin.

***

Hunting and Horses

Why can the English never give the real reason for the various things they want to do? For instance, we are now threatened with a long Press-fight over the preservation of fox-hunting. And the fox-hunters, instead of just saying that fox-hunting is a good sport and glorious fun, will insist on telling us that fox-hunting ought to be encouraged because it is the ideal training for the British cavalry which won Waterloo, etc., etc. This is just nonsense. The French cavalry is, and, I believe, always has been, just as good as ours—yet France is not exactly a country given over to hunting. But we must find a moral or national excuse every time we do anything we like.

The Price of Fame

Everybody who knows anything of modern London is very sorry to hear of the retirement of Mr. Plowden. The late magistrate of Marylebone was, perhaps, the best representative of what many people consider our best judicial authorities. Like many of his colleagues, he really knew what life was, and never had to simulate that childlike ignorance of affairs that is often found in those who preside over higher courts. But I think his reputation for wit tended to obscure his more solid virtues.

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Sense of Humour

In England it is practically impossible for a man of wit to be taken quite seriously. A ludicrous mistake, of course. For, like Mr. Plowden, our best judge possesses no mean gift of humour. But the concentration of attention upon their witty sayings has unconsciously led the public to consider them both as mere buffoons—which is the last thing in the world either they, or, indeed, most wits are.

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The Modern Play

The modern English play is certainly developing on lines of its very own. For instance, at the Little Theatre the other day I saw *A Study in Bereavement*, by E. S. P. Haynes, which was nothing but a conversation with no plot and no action to speak of. Yet it was extremely diverting, and quite as satisfactory as the ordinary "well-made" play that we used to hear so much about. And, after all, is not this the only true test of a theatrical entertainment?

AN ABSENTEE DUCHESS: HER GRACE OF MARLBOROUGH AT NEWPORT, R.I.

The Duchess is seen on the left of the picture, and the other figures are those of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and (sitting in front of her) her two younger daughters. The Duchess is, of course, Mrs. Vanderbilt's eldest daughter, and married the Duke of Marlborough in 1895

"And All Unheeding of Their Fate"

THE PRINCES MAX AND ERNST, AND PRINCESS SOPHIE OF HOHENBERG

The orphans of the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand, photographed a few days before the assassination of their parents, which was, at one fell blow, to leave them to the tender care of Fate and the Habsburgs

Au Revoir to Two Fair Actresses Who

Photographs

MISS LAURA COWIE

Who is to sail with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and his company for America on September 18. She will act as leading lady throughout the tour in place of Lady Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott), who remains at home

Combine Beauty With Ability to Act

Yevonde

MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

Who is shortly leaving England for America to fulfil her five years' contract with Mr. Leibler. She has recently been playing with Sir George Alexander in "The Ideal Husband" at the St. James's Theatre

The Bystander in PARIS

THE ESCAPE FROM ENNUI

Going Away

In London you are very self-conscious about the small everyday movements of your everyday lives, are you not? I remember one morning running into the Waldorf Hotel to see a business friend. I wanted to see him for a moment only, and I had a train to catch, so I wanted to see him quickly. He had an office in his flat in the Waldorf, and employed a clerk. The man downstairs telephoned my name upstairs, and I was asked to speak to my friend's clerk on the wire. "I am afraid," she said, "that you cannot see Mr. Jones for about ten minutes." "I must," I said; "I shall miss my train if I don't. Why can't I see him?" I could almost feel her blush into the instrument. She said, "Well, really——," and there was silence. I went upstairs and found Jones's clerk in his office and great confusion. "Why can't I see him?" I demanded. "Well," she said, timidly (she was a gaunt lady who would never see fifty again), "well, you see, the fact of the matter is, Mr. Jones was in his (the smallest type, dear Mr. Printer, please, to represent the awe-stricken whisper) bath—and I couldn't possibly tell you that over the telephone, could I?" Now in Heaven's name, why not?

Shameless Parisians

Parisians, or, at all events, the Parisians whom I know, have neither time nor inclination for these little things, particularly now the summer's with us. If you call on a Parisian in the morning you may find him or her in anything from a pyjama suit to tears, according to the sex, for everybody's busy packing up to go away, and you must take your chance. Trouville is going to be quite *bourgeois* this August, I am told, and *tout* Paris will be at Deauville. All the rest of Paris (for *le tout* Paris really means only the people one manages or tries to avoid during the summer holiday if one has seen as much of them as I have at the theatres during the winter) is busy hunting for *le petit trou pas cher*, where tight-fitting bathing-dresses are the talk of all who dare not wear them and where the Casino gambling is done in tenpenny-bits. Next week, unless somebody shoots me during the Caillaux case in the Palais de Justice, I shall be at Ver-sur-Mer, in Normandy, chasing the elusive shrimp and being hunted by the big black hairy crab, who cooks to a bright scarlet and is called *étrelle*.

"LITTLE JUNE"

A charming young dancer of fourteen years old, who has recently been attracting all Paris to the Folies Bergères. "Little June" is now "resting" in London

"Little June"

The star of the spring revue at the Folies Bergère has gone back to London after a hundred and four performances—a long run here in a revue—and she has taken a big doll and the hearts of Parisians away with her. "Little June," as she is called on the programmes, is a sweet-faced baby of fourteen. Nobody knew her here when she made her début, but everybody has talked about her ever since. She packed the Folies Bergère, where the wonderful dancing of the child astonished the *blasé* Parisian audiences, and her sweet babyhood delighted them. She has worked tremendously hard while she has been in Paris, and should be glad of a rest, for she became such a social favourite that as long as the season lasted hardly a day passed without her engagement to dance at some aristocratic house or other after the show or before it. "Little June" is a real child. There is nothing theatrical or affected about her, and when she gave me her photograph she apologised for writing her wishes on it in pencil because "I always get my nose so inky with a pen."

An Excellent Tailor

Tristan Bernard, the author of *Toddles*, *The Uninvited Guest*, *The Little Café*, and other plays which London knows, is leaving Paris for a summer holiday after a big success at the Comédie Francaise with his new play, *Prince Charming*. Tristan Bernard belongs to the type of man whom everybody always calls by his first name. He is a broad-shouldered, slow-moving fellow with a long black beard, little eyes which twinkle wickedly, and such a gift of epigram that most of the epigrams current in Paris are usually fathered on him, whether he makes them or not. He knows this himself, and the other afternoon at the Français he took me into a corner, and remarked, "Let me tell you a good story which Tristan told me the other day."

The Epigrammatist

The dialogue of his new play is peppered with amusing things. "I will not have any lies told in my house," says a personage in the play. "Well, that is the death of all conversation, then," says another. But I always think that Tristan is even more amusing without the medium of his pen. He turned up in a shockingly ill-fitting alpaca jacket at the dress-rehearsal of *Prince Charming* the other afternoon, and people dress rather well at these matinées nowadays. Somebody, with manifest insincerity, complimented him on his clothes. "Yes," said Tristan. "My tailor always dresses me for nothing on condition that I never mention his name." Everybody laughed, and when the insincere flatterer strolled off to find compliments for somebody else Tristan remarked, "I like that fellow. He says so little, and he thinks even less."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Germans in Norway

THE KAISER'S YACHT ON ITS ANNUAL OUTING ON THE FJORDS

THE "HOHENZOLLERN" (LEFT) AT ANCHOR IN THE FJORDS OFF BALHOLMEN

Photograph *Jurgensen*

THE KAISER WITH SOME OF HIS OFFICERS TAKES A WALK ASHORE

Every summer the *Hohenzollern* anchors in the Norwegian fjords, generally at Balholmen. The Germans while there usually regard themselves as masters of the waters, and the vessels of other countries are expected to adapt themselves to their convenience in the matter of anchorages. When ashore the German officers are as popular as they are in most other localities. They do not avail themselves to any extent of the local produce, preferring to stock themselves for their cruises with food and drink made in Germany

Rather They Than We

CANOE-SAILING: A SPORT HAPPILY CONFINED TO THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

LEO FRIEDE
Who successfully defended the trophy for America last year

RALPH BRITTON ON THE "GANANOQUE"
He is a member of the Motor Boat and Canoe Club of Canada, and is the challenger

LEO FRIEDE WELL OUT ON THE LEE-BOARD

Our illustrations show the canoe-sailing contest that has just taken place between America and Canada in Sheepshead Bay. Judged by the pictures, it would appear to be about the most hazardous sport imaginable. Indeed, we think every competitor whose canoe does not upset ought to receive a prize

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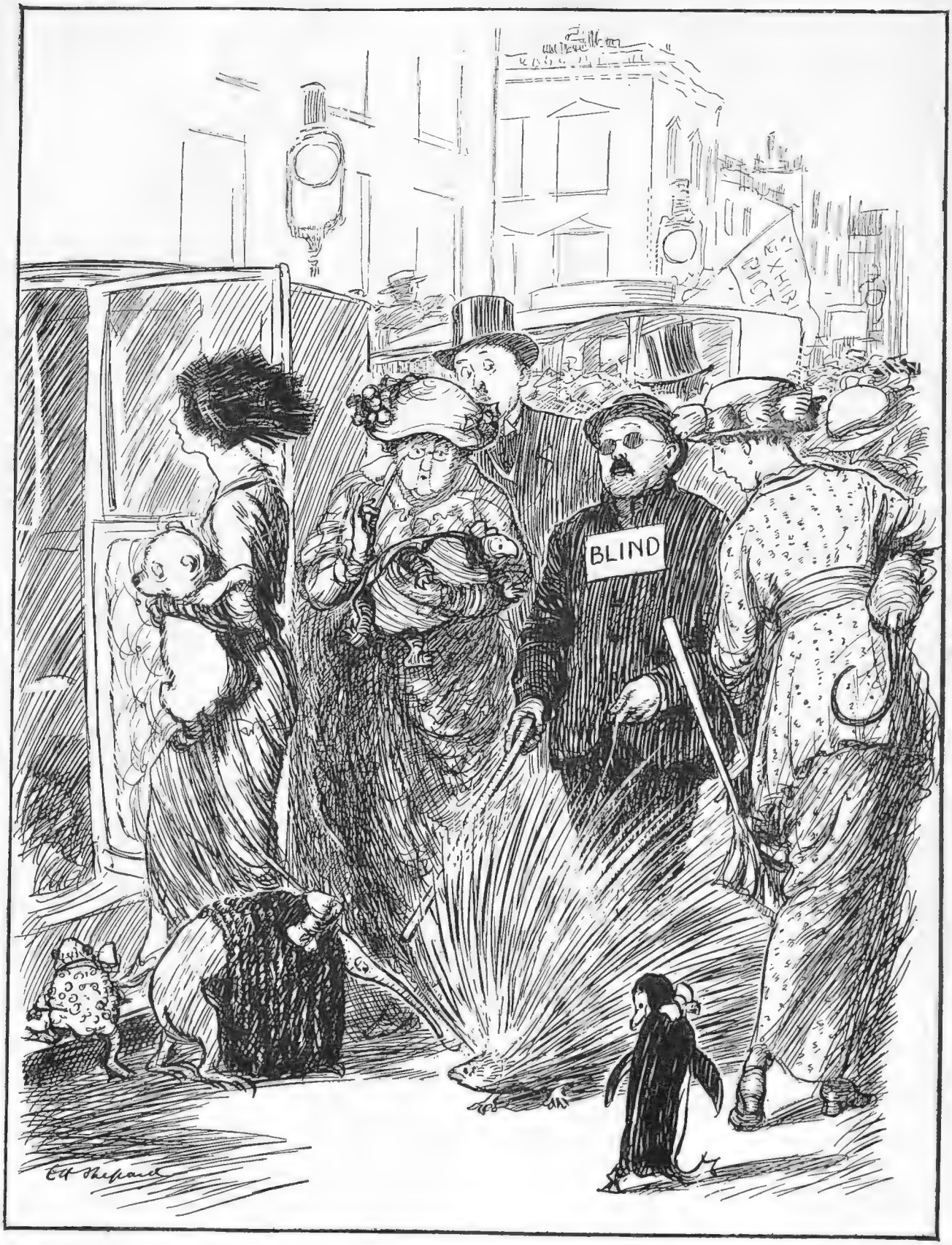
The Cult of Queer Pets



A lady was seen recently in Bond Street with a small pig on a lead. In case the fashion for strange pets succeeds in catching on, we present (gratis) to our readers a few suggestions which they may adopt or improve upon as their fancy dictates

BY E. H. SHEPARD

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"From 9 to 11" at Wyndham's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

I THINK this play is a managerial mistake. The intentions of everybody concerned in it are obviously of the best—but, then, we all know what becomes of good intentions. It is a case of a play within a play; but no hint of this detail is given till the last act, so that all the time the strange performance is proceeding you are kept wondering whether it is the management or yourself that has got a screw loose somewhere. The explanation that it was only their fun, after all, comes a little too late to be satisfactory. One is reminded of the old bachelor who recommended young men always to smile when they were proposing, so that if the lady refused them they could allege that they were only joking.

The opening chapter of the story is told by Mrs. Howard. It seems that her husband had got a big gamble in hand and needed some more capital in a hurry. She, therefore, hit upon the happy expedient of inviting a diamond merchant to send a valuable necklace for her inspection. Mr. Howard is able, apparently, to raise the trifle of thirty thousand pounds on this bauble without tiresome inquiries or evidence of ownership, and to apply the proceeds of his nefarious deal to the gamble in question. Mrs. Howard has promised to return the necklace to the diamond merchant at nine o'clock on a certain evening, that being the hour at which Mr. Howard expects to be home with the redeemed pledge. But his car breaks down on the way, and it becomes necessary to divert the diamond dealer's suspicions for two clear hours. Mrs. Howard's uncle undertakes to tell the dealer a romantic story that will last about that time, and as the two men go off the stage they meet Mr. Allan Aynesworth as the family butler. Mr. Aynesworth walks across the scene in the stately manner of his profession, and goes off again without a word.

Then, without notice of any kind, the lights go out. They remain out for the best part of a minute for no apparent reason, leaving you to wonder whether the shares of these lighting companies are really such good investments, after all, and whether it would not be best for you to sell out first thing in the morning before the general public has got wind of the slump. When the lights go up we hear that a well-known detective wants to see Mrs. Howard most particularly; and the detective proves to be—Mr. Allan Aynesworth. No explanation is given as

to the butler's dramatically sudden change of calling, and you are left with the impression that you must have missed an essential link in the story. Indeed, I can imagine some poor fellow who has done himself well at dinner feeling quite unhappy about it. He would probably put it down to that extra go of iced champagne, and decide that it was his duty to get up and go home before anybody else had begun to notice it.

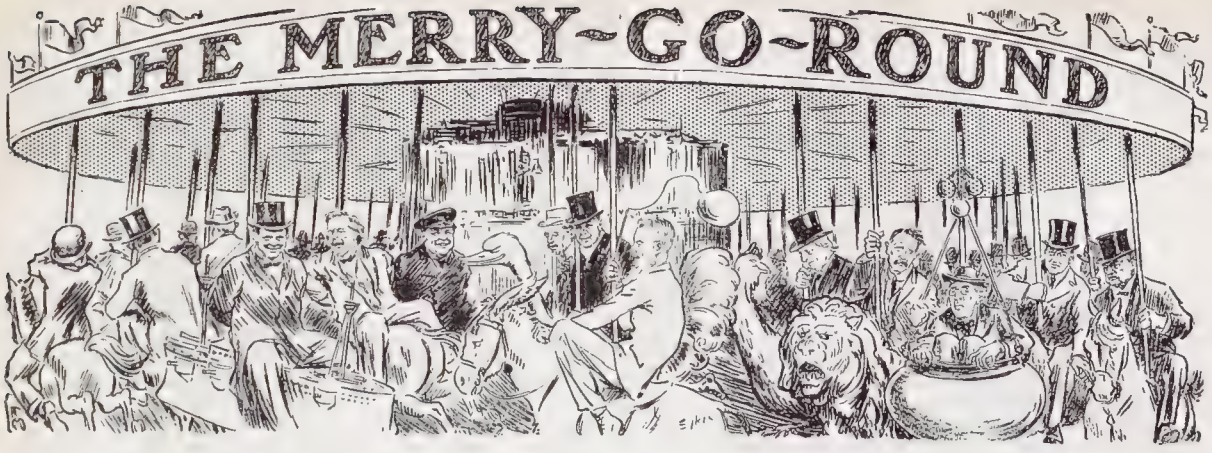
By means of a bogus story of finger-prints the detective tricks Mrs. Howard and her husband's private secretary into a confession of guilty love, and forces them to admit that the necklace in Mr. Howard's possession is not the real one, as they have performed the well-known trick of substituting paste for the priceless gems. Mr. Aynesworth then presents himself to us as a notorious "crook." Having compelled the guilty pair to part with the necklace he is about to make off with it when the police appear on the scene and arrest him. They handcuff him and take the necklace from him; but he is, of course, far too smart for the mere police force. On the way to the station he makes his escape after having picked the pocket of the police inspector with his handcuffed hands and recovered the necklace. It is no good being a "crook" nowadays unless you are really clever, don't you know.

Then Mr. Aynesworth's female accomplice helps him to pick the locks of his handcuffs with a bent hairpin, and the two escape together. After which the lights go down for another minute, and the truth is then revealed to us that this cloak of darkness is intended to separate the real play from the imitation one within it, which is, in fact, the romantic story told by Mrs. Howard's uncle to the diamond-dealer in order to keep him quiet from nine till eleven. But the whole thing is just like a bewildering nightmare in which you can scramble over a field of ice, have a fearful fight with burglars, lose several trains to the City, and fall down a precipice, all within (so the scientists assure us) a single minute of time. The joke of the play recalls Sir James Barrie's exquisite piece of nonsense produced at the same theatre several years ago, when it was not until the end of the story that we learned who (or what!) "Little Mary" was. But in *From 9 to 11* I think the joke is carried a little too far. JINGLE

A Play of Good Intentions

This is a somewhat confusing production, in which within the play proper another play is enacted, and this fact—rather essential to the proper understanding of Mr. Walter Hackett's piece—only comes to light in the last act. The play is at times inclined to be rather too "reminiscent" of "Grumpy" and "Within the Law." The best that can be said for it is that the author "meant well"

BY NORMAN MORROW



OR CURRENT TOPICS CAUGHT FLYING

WHAT a serious people we have become! A few years ago this would have been the Silly Season, and we should have been wondering if women should be allowed in church without hats. Now we only grapple with important questions such as—Should Women go to Boxing Matches?

* * *

To pursue the comparison further. In Edwardian times it would have been the sea-serpent that got discussed during the holidays. Nowadays it is that land serpent, Mr. Lloyd George.

* * *

Condition of Distinguished Patients.—Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is recovering from the severe blow sustained as a result of not being invited to the Conference, and the other Labour Members are making a slow convalescence.

* * *

Harrow has broken up a week earlier than usual owing to an outbreak of mumps, and it is the proud boast of the boys that, if Etonians have the longer hair, Harrovians have the fatter cheeks.

Further suggestions for London's Motto are as follows:

1. "Ask a Policeman."
2. "No Klaxons. No Organ-Grinders."
3. "Why Hustle when you can Take a Tram?"

* * *

"A medical officer has been calling the attention of Londoners to the dangers of the dustbin, and urging that these should be sprayed at intervals with a mixture of paraffin and soft soap." As a rule, of course, this mixture is used for spraying roses, but we do not see why Londoners, in the absence of a rose-garden, should not derive quite a lot of healthful pleasure from spraying the dustbin.

* * *

According to a fashion expert in the *Daily Mail*, the newest model of parasol is like the tunic skirt. This seems a very useful *mode* for the moment, for, in the event of the smart woman splitting her somewhat tight skirt, she need not be at a loss what to do. She can instantly step into her parasol.

* * *

"Fixing roller-blinds, whitewashing, painting, and screwing on bolts are among the attainments which win the Handy Girl Badge in Baden-Powell's Girl Guides." Men who later on have the good fortune to win the hearts of these Handy Girls will be able to say with justifiable enthusiasm that it is like living with a plumber and painter continually in the house.

* * *

"A movement is on foot to admit women to the priesthood of the Church of England," says a contemporary, "and favourable replies to an initial circular on the subject have been received from women who are either Agnostics, Quakers, Roman Catholics, or Nonconformists." Fire-worshippers appear to have maintained a mysterious silence on this important question.

"HOOTS, MON!"

MACTAVISH: "They say 'tis so cauld whaur that Shackleton laddie's gangin' to that e'en the whusky freezes"

MACDROUTHY: "Losh! mon; talk o' pepperminties, what a pairfec' sweetmeat that wad mak' to tak' to the kirk wi' ye!"

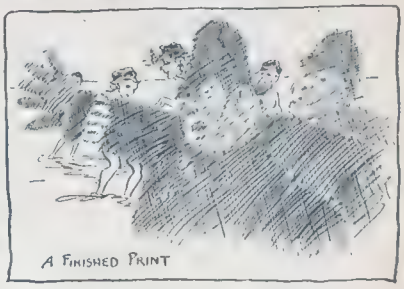
By Francis Brown

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND (concluded)

Current Topics Caught Flying

THE CAMERA OBSCURER

A "camera squad" of fat policemen was organised to-day at Newport (Rhode Island) to prevent press photographers from taking snap-shots of women without their consent. When a policeman sees a photographer training his camera on a woman he will interpose his bulk between her and the lens. [DAILY MAIL]



When you want to take a racy little photo
Of dainty ladies bathing in the sea,
Newport is not the sort of place to go to,
You'll avoid it if you take the tip from me;
For when you think you've snapped a little mermaid
I fear your disappointment will be great,
And you'll use some language when you see the blur made
By a squad of fat policemen on the plate.

CUCKOOS BEWARE!

According to the "Daily Mail," among the "special virtues of Sir Edward Grey is a curious gift for the discovery of cuckoos' eggs."

Among the virtues of Sir Edward Grey
Is one of which we've only heard to-day.
A sort of instinct seems to guide his legs
To places which conceal the cuckoo's eggs.
The harbinger of Spring may do it's best
To find some other feathered biped's nest;
A sea-gull's nest upon some lofty steeple
Would probably deceive unthinking people.
But not Sir Edward Grey. He'd simply climb
And find it was a cuckoo's every time.
And even if it got some mother swan
To hatch it's eggs out near some river lawn,
Sir Edward's gift would soon locate the spot,
And in a boat he'd come and take the lot.

THE REASON WHY

The Daily Express pokes fun at the Insurance Commissioners for having decided that "lion tamers must be insured, while onion-peelers need not have a card," and that "a piano-tuner is not a manual worker."

If you give the matter some consideration,
You'll agree without the slightest hesitation
That to keep the human eye on
A ferocious-looking lion
Is not at all "a healthy occupation".

This case at first sight looks a pretty bad one
For the onion-peeler's life's a rather sad one.
But suppose he had a card,
It would come most dev'lish hard
On the chap who had to find out if he had one.

Piano tuners – even the élite –
Are people that you hardly ever meet;
It was naturally thought
That these noise-producers got
Their effects by playing mostly with their feet.

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

Two Ancient—But Still Active—Spectators of Parisian Life

Photographs *McLeish*

GARGOYLES OVERLOOKING PARIS FROM THE TOWER OF NOTRE DAME

The original demons were supposed to have roamed about Paris doing great mischief till the church captured them and chained them to present position. But we wonder if they have always worn quite such a cynical expression!

LOOKING TOWARDS THE MIDNIGHT SUN FROM THE DECK OF A CRUISING YACHT

IN SEARCH OF SCENERY

SOME NOTES ON A CRUISE OF THE FJORDS

BY VIVIAN CARTER

IT is a time of year when a large proportion of us are off in quest of scenery—with a small or a capital "S," according to whether we see it at home or abroad.

Having satisfied myself as to the scenic attractions of central and southern Europe, and reported upon them in previous issues of THE BYSTANDER, I was induced this year to go North and to play my truancy on the Fjords—of Norway, of course. There are no others.

I secured a passage at the last moment on the P. & O. steamer *Mantua*—a "cruising yacht" of some 11,500 tons—and managed by the sheerest luck to catch the boat train at Liverpool Street. A sea-passage of some fifty-six hours intervened between me and my scenery, and if there is anything more enjoyable than such a passage in the kind of weather we were given for at all events forty-eight of those hours, I don't know what it is. One has unpacked and changed and lunched and settled in a deck-chair, with a choice of books, and is rich in the acquaintance of no single soul and free from the chance of being bothered by friend or enemy, chief among the latter the telephone. Thank goodness Mr. Marconi has not yet laid that on wirelessly to our cabins!

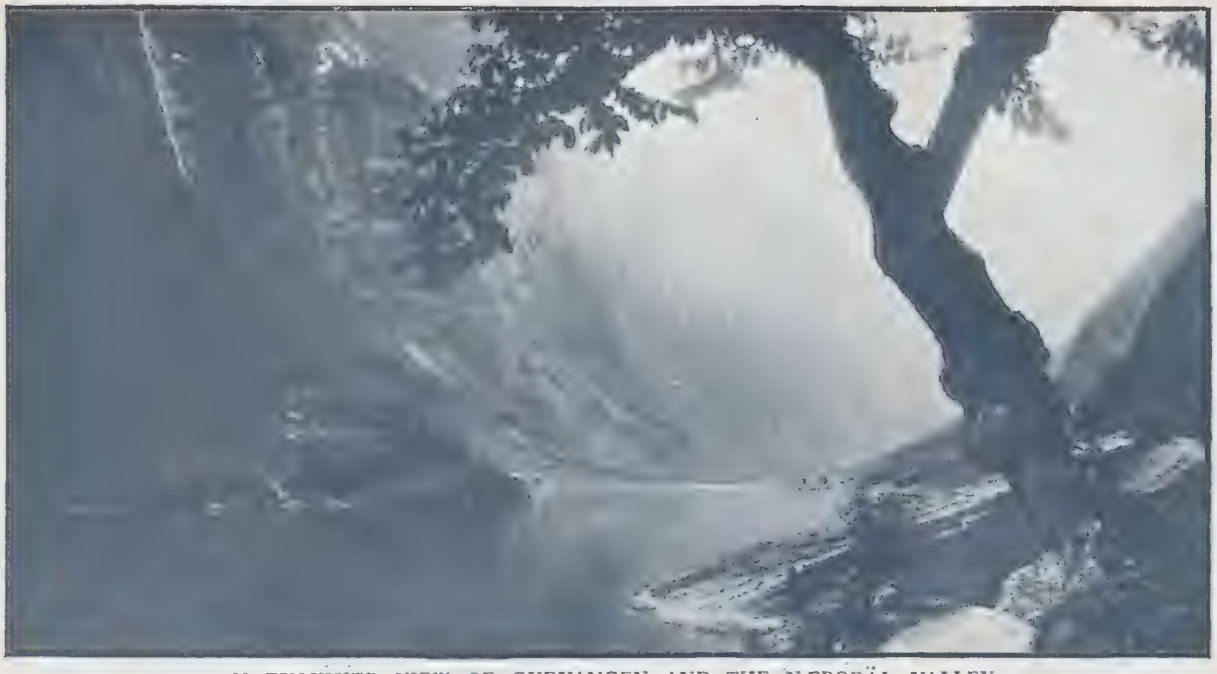
True, one will make acquaintances. But the wise cruise-maker will avoid all *effort* to do so. It is best to leave acquaintanceships to the luck of the dining-table, the smoking saloon, the dance, the card-table, or the games deck. The pack of passengers sooner or later discloses its strength or weakness, and it is likely enough that your luck will lie in the unlikeliest quarters. The people who, at first sight, look the most accessible, will prove the least so, and the least most.

Speaking of acquaintanceship—in the useful sense, of course!—people with whom ideas can be exchanged and all that sort of thing—I can place it on record that nowhere in the world can one see a more representative crowd of one's fellow-Britons than on a Norwegian cruising yacht. Represented among the 350 passengers is every type of Anglo-Saxon. London contributes its quota—neither more nor less—the great provincial cities, the Midlands, the West Country, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the Channel Islands, while from overseas come Americans (one or two), Australians, Canadians, Anglo-Indians, and South Africans. If it be part of your plan to study the psychology of your fellow Anglo-Saxons in a heap, a Norwegian cruise will be just the thing.

But I fear it won't be your plan. You will not feel studious of anything at all. Things will conspire against effort of the intellect. Perhaps it will be the uncertain motion of the boat, perhaps the importunity of people who want you to take part in games or tournaments or drives or concerts. Or perhaps being, of course—as everybody is on Norwegian cruises—a bachelor or maiden, a widower or widow, the diversion will be of a tender order. Norway, despite the absence of darkness, has some reputation as a match-maker, though there are—thanks possibly to the laws against polygamy—no statistics available of the number of subsequent solemnizations.

But I come to talk scenery, not scandal. The Fjords are entered about twenty-eight hours after leaving the Forth, and they do say that whatever climate you leave on the Scotch coast you will find its opposite on the other side.

From One Fjord to Another



AN EXQUISITE VIEW OF GUDVANGEN AND THE NÆRODAL VALLEY

This was certainly true in my case. We left Scotland cold, grey, and foggy, and found Norway clear, warm, and blue as Italy. Among the arrivals that linger in the memory, I place very high arrival by sunrise at Tösse. Oh, that soft, warm air, and those still, blue, reflective waters, that fresh verdure of the sunlit hills and, over all, the sniff of those pines! Yes, you don't forget your first sight and smell of Scandinavia, the most finely porticoed of all national dwelling-places, unapproachable save by stealth and skill through a maze of rock-walled waters, and when you have approached the interior—well, you haven't! A little way, and more water, may be another Fjord, or a river, or a lake! Never seems one really to reach the interior, and even the capital lies at the head of another system of Fjords.

The whole idea of a Fjord cruise is amphibious. The yacht drops you at the head of one Fjord, leaves you to drive across country—and such country!—to the head of another, where it picks you up. Dinner, dance, bridge, games, music, flirtation, sleep, and, next morning, here you are again. On Friday a drive from Tösse to Norheimsund, along a road beside a river, up hills on to a high plateau, lunch at a mountain hostel, away across wild moorland, down, down, down into the valley by devious descents alongside a raging whirling torrent, and then, the Fjords again, with our ship awaiting us. Next morning, our arrival is at Bergen. We are driven through, and on the heights above, that former capital of innumerable quays, to the church of Fantoft, the black, pagoda-shaped relic of the horse-worship of Viking days, close by which Edvard Grieg lived and set Norway to music. Back again to Bergen, and then——

But I am not a guide, but a would-be philosopher, and wanted to generalise on the question of the love of scenery. It is presumed to be permanent as the love for food and drink and fine raiment, and on that assumption Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son have encircled the earth, and particularly Norway. There is no part of this country too remote to be free from personally

THE FAMOUS SEVEN SISTERS WATERFALLS

At one of the narrowest channels on the Geiranger Fjord, the passage of which by a large steamer is one of the most exciting episodes of the cruise. The waterfalls, as their name denotes, are seven in number

Gates by Nature Formed

TWO NARROW PASSAGES ON NORWEGIAN WATERWAYS

ON THE NÆROFJORD

The Nærofjord is an inlet of the Sognefjord, and being narrow, is of entrancing beauty

THE SULDAL GATE

A narrow channel on Lake Suldal, which is on the route between Stavanger and Odde

Perhaps the most fascinating of all cruising sensations in Norway is the passage in a yacht of the "gates," or narrow channels, which abound on the Fjords and lakes, the navigation of which calls for the most skilful seamanship. Happily accidents are almost unknown

What is Done for the Scene-Stalker

A RELIC OF HORSE WORSHIP—OLD STYLE

The church of Fantoft, near Bergen, a relic of the twelfth century. Built of wood and blackened by age, its high roofs and projecting gables are adorned with horses' heads—a remnant of the Asa, or horse worship of the Vikings

conducted inspection: there isn't a horse, pony, donkey, camel, goat, dog, or reindeer that is free, or whose progeny are free, from the risk of being conscripted into the service of the tourist. Not a cottage by lake, stream, or mountain that may not at any moment suddenly be made an Englishman's home. The hairs of Norwegian mattresses are all numbered and there is no sheep that can sleep safely in its fold assured that it may not be suddenly cleared out to make room for some two-legged prototype with a circular ticket.

Railways are being laid not by the surveyor or the strategist, but by the showman. The train in which I travelled on Saturday (from Bergen to Vossvangen) was a moving auditorium, in which from a numbered seat I have been witnessing the work of Nature, the most sweated of all scene-painters.

Having tired out one generation, the tourist agent opens the doors of scenery to the knock of the next. That Humanity will ever *tire* of scenery is not thought of, and only a lunatic would dare to suggest to Messrs. Cook that the Englishman of to-morrow may become as *blasé* of natural loveliness as he has grown of most other of the things he formerly worshipped. Such possibilities as a rebellion against rocks, a rising against waterfalls, a cave against caves, or a covenant against Fjords are not practical politics. Nature is the one overlord who will, I suppose, always be allowed to reign.

A STREET IN BERGEN

Photographed by Mrs. Miller, a passenger on the ss. "Mantua"

Even those who never go scene-stalking, but boast their preference for Clacton, or Skegness, or Cleethorpes, are only either timid or ignorant. Could they but be wafted from their sands or pier-seats and sat down next to me on the deck of a ship that is, at the moment of writing, steaming down the Geiranger Fjord, through narrow streets paved with soft blue

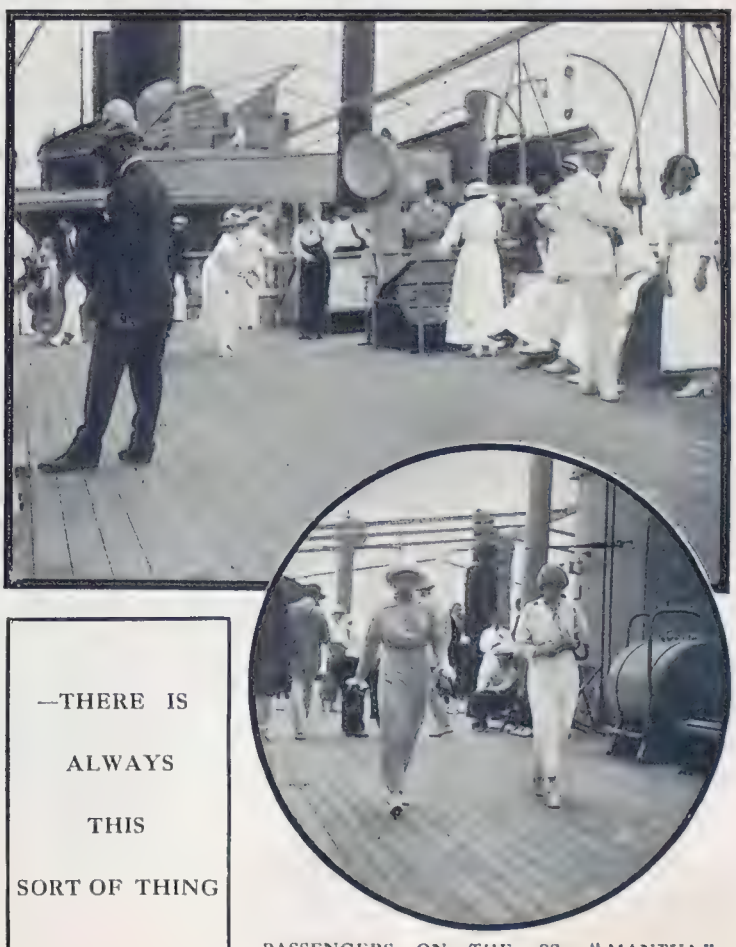
Rocks, Waterfalls, and—Deck Quoits

IF YOU SHOULD WEARY OF WATCHING THIS SORT OF THING—

transparent water, flanked by sky-scraper rocks, curtained with waterfalls, broken by innumerable winding turnings to right and left. Or had it been yesterday, when one bathed in the spray of the biggest of the seven giant waterfalls who inhabit the head of the Nærodäl, forming with their seven feet a river that rushes to the Fjord as quickly as the fastest touring car. The spray which rises to a height of 1,000ft. roughly, refracts the sunrays, and looks like the waterfall's ghost, reproduced as its own coloured supplement. Wherever it was, I repeat, the most confirmed adherent to Cleeton or Clacthorpes would like to have been there too, even if he had to be wafted back again at five o'clock to tea (and shrimps) with the family.

But I shall want another article to carry this argument to its logical conclusion. I am writing this, as mentioned, on the Geiranger Fjord. We are approaching the waterfalls of the Seven Sisters, photographed on page 274, and I am just wondering what on earth I can say about the scene that will at all events sound novel. Then there appears on the scene a member of the Sports Committee, a busier-looking man than I ever saw in Throgmorton or Wall Street. With seven distinct streams of perspiration falling down his precipitous forehead, he asks me, in tones of intense exci ement, am I either Jones, Brown, Smith, or Robinson, and if so will I to goodness go and play my heat in the deck quoits tournament as the Committee want to get the games as forward as possible to-day when there are no shore excursions. I consigned him to seven deaths at the hands of the Seven Sisters. I came to Norway to see scenery. V. C.

(*To be continued next week*)



—THERE IS ALWAYS THIS SORT OF THING

PASSENGERS ON THE SS. "MANTUA" PLAYING DECK GAMES

Our Society Portraiture

MRS. GRUNDY

Whose absence from the world of entertainment has been a marked—and pleasant—feature of the past London Season. May her retirement be permanent!

BY KAPP

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE PRIG

By GORDON SCOTT

IT was their ninth dance together, and the last three had been consecutive.

Old Lady Barncombe nudged her neighbour, who was nearly asleep.

"Where's her husband?" she demanded, in a deep bass.

"Whose husband?" asked Mrs. Lidgett, waking up bewildered.

"Why, Millie Lipscombe's, of course. Young Garnett's never left her side to-night. Ah! there they go," she added, following with keen eyes the two slim figures that were leaving the ball-room together by a curtained doorway. "That's the way to the little conservatory."

"Oh, Millie's all right," returned Mrs. Lidgett, sleepily. "Bob said he never met such a little Puritan."

Bob was her husband, and Lady Barncombe's brother. Incidentally, he was host for that evening.

"The other night she very nearly broke up the party by refusing to bet at auction. Said she'd 'always played plain bridge for the sake of the game,' or something of that sort. You needn't worry."

"That's the very worst sort," she rumbled out. "They always ride straight into the bog and then shriek to be pulled out. I'll see Bob, and if Charlie Lipscombe's not too deep in his game I'll have him out for a chat." "I believe he wants to sell his car," she reflected, on her way to the card-room, meditating on a bait. She was fond of Charlie, and, though she did not know the pretty girl he had married, she was willing to give her a good lead across new country. There was nothing to suspect in young Garnett so far as she knew, but she had not known him long.

Meantime, Millie and her partner made their way slowly to the little conservatory. They knew the way—it was not their first visit that evening. Millie was slightly flushed and her eyes were sparkling. She was enjoying herself, and the little thrill of delight at her own daring had put a keen edge on her pleasure and a brighter sparkle on her beauty.

She had been married three years, but it was her first London season. Both before and after her marriage she had lived quietly at Little Frampton, varying the monotony of country life by occasional visits. She had always been pretty, and London had refined and "set" her beauty. To-night she was looking radiant, and into the face of the man beside her there had crept a look of trouble and of longing. If Millie had been older she would have seen it, but as it was her eyes were simply radiating her own happiness, and, indeed, when they met the man's the trouble fled from his like a cloud before the wind.

Suddenly, as they turned a corner, they almost ran into a man to whom Garnett nodded. Millie's radiance chilled abruptly, and she shrank. Her hand on Garnett's arm was hesitating—he felt it—with a desire to return to the ball-room, but in the end she lifted her chin and held straight on. She knew Garnett well enough to be silent with him, and they had been seated in the conservatory some minutes before the silence was broken.

"What's the matter?" asked the man, at length.

"Oh, I can't stand that man!" she said, impetuously. "The sight of him makes me angry. It was such a horrid story. People seem to forget so quickly—I can't."

"May I smoke?" asked Garnett.

Millie nodded, but she made no effort to continue the conversation. There was another pause, and again it was the man who broke it.

"It was, however, a true story," he said, "a real story."

She stared at him.

He watched his cigarette a minute—then he spoke again.

"Men are only men you know," he said, "and they are all the same."

This time she half understood, and her lips were curled in contempt.

"Oh, no!' she said. "I have known many men who were nice—quite nice."

"Quite nice!" echoed the man under his breath.

Serenely she went on. "Otherwise, of course, I should not have known them."

The smile on the man's face flickered up openly at that for a second.

"Why are you so hard?" he said. "It is your only fault—if I may say so."

Her eyelids fluttered a little, but her expression left him uncertain which half of his speech had made the most impression, the first or the last.

"You've been awfully nice to me, anyhow," he said, "and I shan't forget it."

He watched the tip of his cigarette.

"It's been simply top hole. I think the whole of the mess are here to-night or nearly."

"Well, there'll be lots of time to think over all this sort of thing out in Grahamstown."

The girl turned in her chair, startled into directness.

"In Grahamstown?" she repeated.

"Yes," he replied. "Didn't you know? The regiment has been ordered out—sails the day after to-morrow. This is a last fling." He was silent for a minute. Then, in a lower voice, "I'm glad," he said; "it's been so jolly."

Millie had risen. All the radiance had gone out of her face.

It was absurd, of course, but she felt that Fate had no right to break their friendship off like this suddenly. It was stupid. She had counted on it going on indefinitely. She had grown used to him in the last six weeks. His presence had made part of the lovely spring, part of the novelty and the gaiety—a big part. And now—to lose it—it hurt somehow—hurt much more than she had expected.

Garnett looked at her and a curious light broke in his eyes. It was as if a deep pool had been stirred by a stone dropped in. There was a flash and then blackness.

"Don't," he said; "I'm sorry, too"—and he moved a little nearer.

Millie felt his nearness, but she did not stir.

"I've got to go," said the man's voice again. "Say goodbye to me."

Still she did not move.

"I shan't see you again!" The words were so low she could hardly hear them.

"Goodbye."

Wings were fluttering in Millie's pulses. She was distressed—upset.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Why had he to go? It was so stupid; it hurt. Swiftly and impulsively, she turned to him. He found her lips and kissed them long and passionately. Half a minute later she faced him, white and shaking.

"Take me back," she said. "Take me back, please, to the cloak-room. I must go home."

The man had recovered himself more quickly. "In a minute," he said, looking at her queerly, and watching the colour come slowly back into her cheeks.

"There, you look better now."

Then, before he offered her his arm, he stooped and touched her hand very lightly with his lips.

"Thank you—dear," he said. "I shan't forget."

Ten minutes later, Millie was seated by her husband in the brougham, on her way home.

"I believe I've a chance of selling the car," he said. "Old Lady Barncombe was asking my price. She seemed quite keen."

"Did she?" said Millie, absently. And she wondered a second why Lady Barncombe, who had just bought a new car of her own, should be so keen on Charlie's.

During the next month, Millie thought a great deal of Jack Garnett. She was back at Little Frampton with much time on her hands and many new experiences to digest.

She had been careful never to mention his name, though she was eager for news of him, but no echo of his movements ever reached her. She began to wonder if there was a conspiracy of silence. Did people purposely avoid talking to her of him? It was absurd, of course, but it was difficult to forget him.

She had ceased to be amazed at herself. She knew now how very near she had come to loving Jack Garnett, and she was glad he had gone away, yes, and glad she had said "goodbye" to him—like that. Sometimes she wondered if he would write; *en voyage* perhaps—or on landing—a postcard, or a photo of his bungalow—just to show her he had not forgotten. It would round things off, she felt. Of course, she need not reply.

Then an idea came to her. She would run up to town for the day and call on his cousin, her school-fellow, Mary Fullerton. Mary had introduced them, and anyhow, she had not seen her for some time.

It would be easy enough to bring in Jack Garnett's name and find out if he had arrived, and then she would put the whole thing out of her head.

Accordingly, next day she wired to Mary and arrived punctually at one o'clock in Beaumont Street to lunch. Mrs. Fullerton, however, was out of town, the man said.

Millie flushed with annoyance. She had been impetuous and mismanaged things, but she felt inclined to blame Mary. She had said so distinctly that they would be in town till the twenty-third and this was only the seventeenth.

In a disappointed mood she lunched alone and spent the afternoon in desultory shopping. Presently, however, her interest in things warmed and she found herself making some quite desirable acquisitions to her wardrobe.

She had just decided on a very becoming tea-gown when it struck her to look at her watch. It was after five. She would have to make haste to get a cup of tea if she was to catch her train to Little Frampton.

Fortunately there was a restaurant next door. She turned quickly into it. The place was almost empty. She took a little table by the window and leaned her forehead in her hands. She had clean forgotten Jack Garnett and her errand up to town. She was thinking that she had enjoyed her afternoon, that her new tea-gown was very pretty, and that she would be glad to get home. The waitress laid the tea-things on the table and Millie looked up. A man had just come in. He was hanging his hat on a peg near the door.

She stared at his back with a queer feeling of dazed recognition. It couldn't be—he was three thousand miles away. He turned round—it was—Jack Garnett.

Their eyes met and the man started. Then his eyes went round the restaurant. It was empty.

Slowly he walked towards Millie, watching her face. Millie had half risen, but she did not smile or offer her hand.

Garnett looked at her for a minute—then he bowed.

"May I sit down?" he asked. Millie nodded, speechless.

"Well, how are you?" he said at length. Millie found words at that.

"You have not gone to Grahamstown?" she demanded.

It was pretty obvious that he had not, but Garnett answered her.

"No, I have not," he said quietly.

"But the regiment?" gasped Millie.

"Exchange," murmured Jack, with his eyes on the table.

His attitude was eloquent. Millie realised its significance.

"You never meant to go," she said, wrathfully.

This time Garnett did not answer; but it was perfectly obvious in the silence that he had not meant to go.

"Oh, how could you——"

Garnett looked at her. His eyes searched her face and there was a hint of a smile in them.

There was none, however, in Millie's.

"You lied to me," she said.

Garnett's face grew grave.

"I'm afraid I did," he said.

"Deliberately!" she went on, her anger rising.

"I'm not so sure of that," he returned.

"Oh, how can you prevaricate? It's so silly."

Garnett paused a minute.

"People are all the same," he said; "they all prevaricate."

"Oh, what nonsense!" said Millie, indignantly. "You said that kind of thing before."

Garnett raised his eyes to her face.

"You, for instance," he said, with his half smile, partly affectionately, partly mocking, "you are prevaricating now."

"In what way?" said Millie, haughtily.

Garnett rested his eyes on hers a second before he answered her.

"Look straight at me, and tell me you're sorry," he said.

Millie's face was one wild struggle for a moment. Indignation fought against her blushes, and wounded dignity against her dimples. Then she gave in and laughed, but there were tears in her eyes and she smothered both tears and laughter in her handkerchief.

Garnett looked round the restaurant. The discreet waitress was invisible.

He took Millie's hand and held it.

"You dear," he said. "You were very nearly one sort of a prig then, and to-day I was terribly afraid you were going to be another. You're not either really, you know."

Millie pulled away her hand and her handkerchief at the same time.

"I ought not to forgive you," she said.

"I know," he soothed. "But you will. You see," he exclaimed, as if by an afterthought, "I wanted that kiss horribly badly."

And she did. GORDON SCOTT

Other People's Pastimes—No. III.

BY G. E. STUDDY

The Reign of Fokine

THE BALLET PERFORMANCES IN THIS SEASON

A Record Success

There is always something disquieting about the night when the curtain rings down on the Russian Ballet for the last performance of the season. For despite assurances, promises, even contracts, we never seem to feel quite sure that it will ever rise again. As a matter of fact, we feel less nervous this year than usual. Never has the Ballet had so successful a record; never before has the real London public, as distinct from an assiduous band of enthusiasts, flocked to Drury Lane in such large numbers. Indeed, now that the Ballet has really touched the ordinary public, I can see no reason why it should not become a permanent institution. For the English public, if extraordinarily difficult to attract, is extraordinarily faithful when once attracted. Somebody once said, with a great deal of truth, that provided you could run anything in London for four years you could run it for ever. The question is one merely of habit, not of merit.

Photograph *Bransburg*

M. MICHAEL FOKINE

The man who invented the ballets, the fame of which has filled Europe. To M. Fokine may be said to belong the chief glory of the contemporary renascence of the dance

Fokine or Nijinski

Opinions differ a good deal about the excellence of the Ballet this year as compared with former seasons. There are, of course, the Nijinski-fanatics, who, goaded to hysterics by the absence of their favourite, beat their breasts and put dust upon their heads and howl piteously to the moon. There are the Nijinski-enthusiasts, who without lapsing into the noisy idiocy of the former, are still too much affected by his elimination to find anything as good as of yore. There are the Nijinski-admirers, a vast host, who regret the absence of the great dancer exceedingly, realising at the same time that if it is necessary (as indeed it was) to choose between Fokine, the inventor, the producer of all the best ballets from *Scheherazade* to *Petrouchka*, and Nijinski, the wonderful impersonator, it is better to choose the more permanent genius. Still, it is a pity we cannot have both, for Fokine the dancer is not Nijinski, and never will be.

Technical Improvement

The Ballet last year was like a ship without a rudder. No one could feel quite sure whither it was bound. Personally, I liked some of Nijinski's productions well enough, but they were incredibly erratic. This year, at any rate, we know where we are. We feel the master-hand of an experienced choreographist steadying every production, new or old. We may not, as a matter of fact we do not, like everything Fokine has done, but we feel safe with him. Discipline not only in the metaphorical, but the technical sense has been restored. The dancers, from the least important *coryphée* to Madame Karsavina herself, do, in point of fact, dance better than they did. Even Bolm, the perfect, is more perfect, and the performances of dancers like Pflanz, little noticed by the general public, have improved a great deal.

The New Repertory

Supposing that we do not treat *The Golden Cockerel* as a ballet, but as an opera, there have been three important new productions this year: *Midas, The Legend of Joseph, Daphnis and Chloe*. *Papillons* hardly counts. Charming though it is, it is little but a concession to those people who admired *Carneval* so much that they wanted to see it again in a new form. Of the three others only one was really successful: *Daphnis*. In it we had examples of Fokine's genius at its best. The Pirate's dance, the evolutions of the village men and maidens were unforgettable, both for beauty and ingenuity. Moreover, Ravel's score contains the best music he has yet written. Altogether *Daphnis* was first-rate, though hardly sensational enough, perhaps, to be as popular as some of its predecessors. About *Joseph* the less said the better. True, the fault lay primarily with Strauss's utterly commonplace music. But the choreography was good only in patches, and we shall never quite forgive the Russian Ballet for permitting that middle-class angel to sully its reputation for good taste. *Midas* was just mediocre—judged by the standard we have learnt to expect. If it had been produced four years ago we should all have raved over it.

Creator Not Performer

So ends the first year of the reign of King Fokine as autocrat. Had he had the advantage of his former Prime Minister, Nijinski, he might have accomplished more. But the fact remains that he is the most important figure in the history of the Dance since Noverre. This seems to have escaped the notice of the gentlemen who "do" dancing for the daily Press. True to English traditions, they seem more interested in him as a performer than as a creator. Yet as the former he is hardly more than above the average, while as the latter he is positively unique.

FRANCIS TOYE

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THE BYSTANDER AMONG . . . THE BOOKS . . .

BY RALPH STRAUS

Two American Novels

Two feminine novels from America appear over here about the same time. *Angel Island* (Bell: 6*s.*) is a fantastic romance by Inez Haynes Gillmore; *World's End* (Hurst and Blackett: 6s.) is a modern love-story by Amélie Rives, who in real life is the Princess Troubetzkoy. Of these books the first is almost early-Wellsian in places and possesses that jolly quality of making you believe in the impossible, while for the second there has been found in Gertrude Atherton a champion whose words will carry considerable weight. Undoubtedly *World's End* is the more ambitious attempt of the two, and it is more carefully written than *Angel Island;* on the other hand, there is hardly anything in the Princess's story that we have not had before, whereas Mrs. Gillmore breaks new ground very prettily indeed. It may be rather unfair to compare two such differently conceived books, but they happened to turn up at the same moment, and I enjoyed *Angel Island,* but was constantly remembering that I was a reviewer while reading *World's End.* But, then, *Angel Island* is a man's book, *World's End* decidedly is not.

The Ladies with Wings

In the first chapter of *Angel Island* there is a terrible shipwreck, and five American men—the only survivors—find themselves on a desert island somewhere in the Pacific, with sufficient stores and furniture washed ashore to make life a possibility. The five men proceed to make the best of things, but the absence of women is felt. And then come five beautiful women—with wings! Apparently they have broken away from the Winged People. They flirt rather outrageously (for angels, I mean), but are too much frightened by the men to allow of any love-making except from a distance. But men, so we have been told, were ever deceivers, and by a trick the five ladies (I had nearly written lady-birds) are imprisoned in the primitive house which the men have put up. Off come their wings—a cruel operation, but the men are desperate—and in due course there follow five marriages. What follows it would not be fair to say, but the interest is maintained until the last page, when one can honestly thank Mrs. Gillmore for as pleasing a fantasy as has appeared since *The Wonderful Visit.* On the other hand, without *The Wonderful Visit,* would *Angel Island* have been written?

MISS AMÉLIE RIVES (PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY)

Whose latest book, "World's End," has just been published by Hurst and Blackett and is reviewed on this page

The Septimian Way

"World's End" is the name of the Virginian property of Owen Randolph, a wealthy bachelor, who marries a neighbour's daughter after she has been seduced by his worthless nephew. This is not the first time that such a thing has happened in fiction, nor, I expect, will it be the last. Owen's wife does not inform him that the child is not his until the last possible moment; and one cannot help feeling that Princess Troubetzkoy, in spite of good writing and careful characterisation, is not nearly great enough to sustain the interest over so many pages. (There are four hundred and fifty of them.) On the other hand, the awful time that poor Phœbe goes through should be thoroughly to the liking of her own sex, and the character of Sally, Randolph's sister, stands out from the rest as a first-rate piece of work. *World's End* is one of those books which are described by their publishers as possessing "a strong human interest." But what that phrase means I have always been in doubt.

Sporting Memoirs

Sporting memoirs, particularly those in which the Turf looms large, are generally much the same as one another. That wonderful thing called luck shows a tendency to dominate most of the chapters. But it is nearly always interesting to read about luck, whether on the Turf, at the tables, or in the privacy of one's home. In *Sharps, Flats, Gamblers and Racehorses* (Grant Richards: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. A. Dick Luckman, well-known not only to the racing "fraternities" of England, France, and Australia, but also to the wider public for whose entertainment he has written so many articles and stories (and, incidentally, "tipped" so many winners), writes just the amusing book you might have expected. In his time Mr. Luckman has played many parts, and in none of them has his name belied him. There are good stories about good sportsmen, and if the photographs which are included are of men not very well known to the general public, what matter? A racy, cheerful compilation which should add to the number of Mr. Luckman's friends.

RALPH STRAUS

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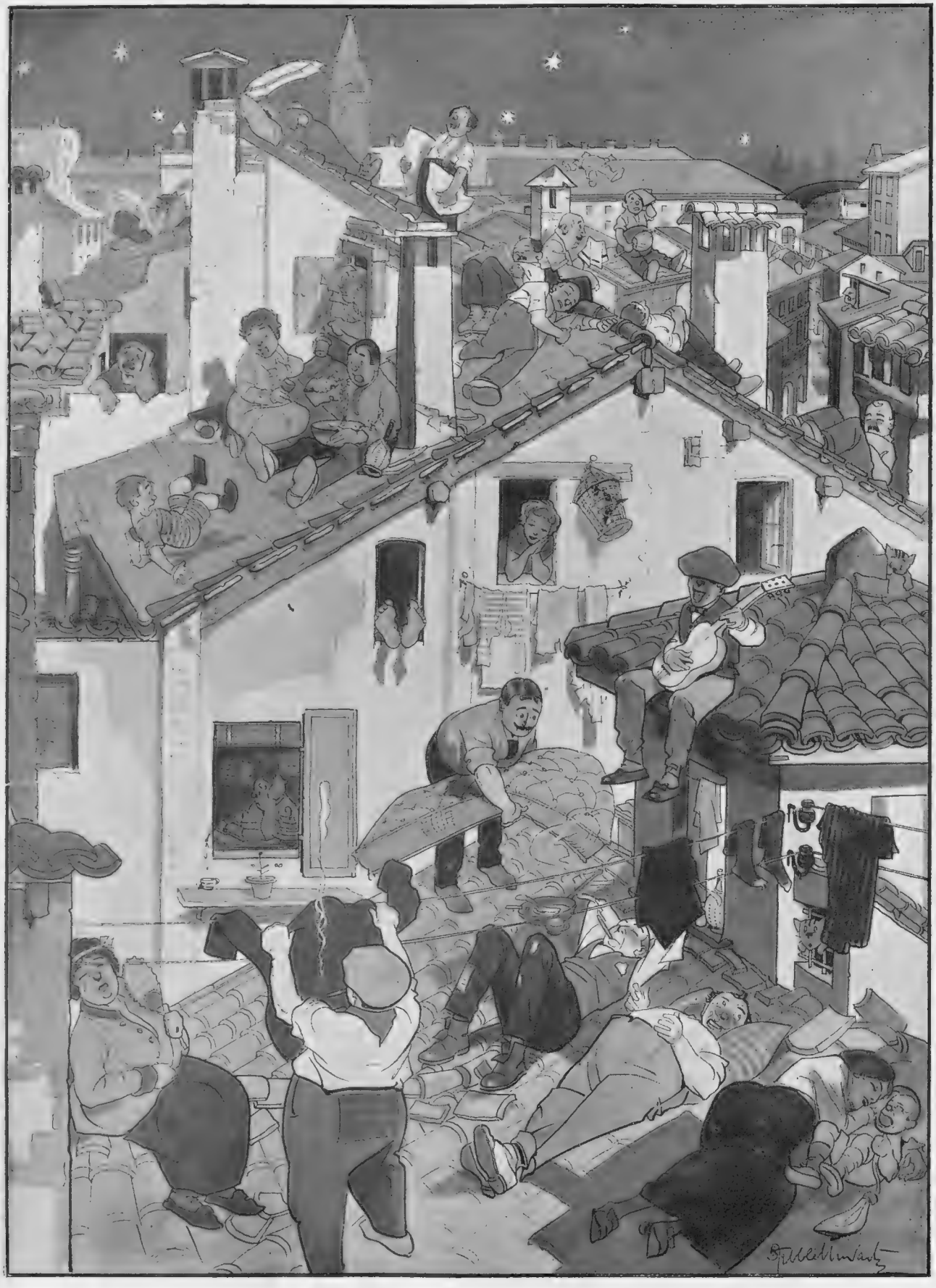

A side of the night life of the Queen of the Adriatic which has not hitherto been revealed to her admirers

BY THE LATE MR. HEBBLETHWAITE

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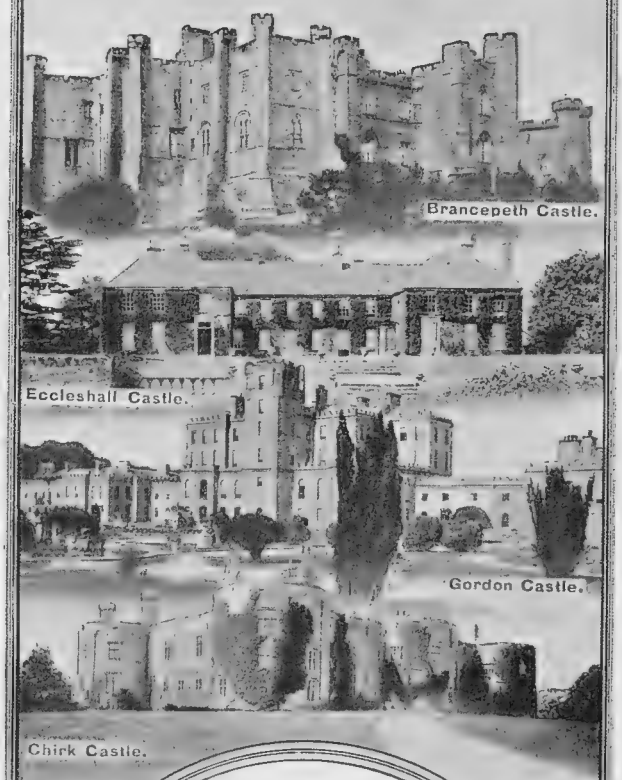

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IN THE SILVER SEA

by "Jemera"

ILLUSTRATED BY CATHLEEN MANN

SOME NOTES ON BATHING COSTUMES FOR THOSE WHO SWIM — AND FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT

Bathing Ten Years Ago

WHY the sea should be silver I do not know unless it has been so christened by the astute journalist with the idea of suggesting a reassuringly neutral background for the vagaries of seaside fashion. In the old days azure waves provided a safe enough setting for the black and navy-blue, relieved by austere white braid and the occasional daring scarlet of our bathing-dresses. We were modest, too: the bathing-dress of ten years ago was clearly not an object for reckless exhibition. Knowing that we looked like guys, we hurled ourselves shrinkingly from the discomforts of the bathing-machine into the protection of water at least waist-deep, and our chariness was aided and abetted by Grundian local councils distrustful of mixed bathing.

Changed Conventions

It is a far cry from the shapeless horrors which turned even the prettiest girl into a mere bundle of wet flannel, to the bathing-dresses of to-day. Concealment, whether of the dress or the anatomy it adorns, is the last thing sought after. Would any woman array herself in arsenic-green, bright blue, or blinding purple if she wished to remain unnoticed? Not that we are any the less modest . . . conventions have changed. The possession of a well-built and healthy body is no longer a source of shame, to be hidden as sedulously as a deformity. It is not unladylike to swim, even to swim well, and freedom of movement is a recognised necessity.

"The fair American bather in full panoply is a thing to wonder at"

The Smart Bathing Dress

The swimmer's obvious and natural choice in the matter of a costume is the *maillot*, with or without knickers, which can be as gay in colour as the wearer likes, but which must, to be smart, remain severe and unadorned. Belts, sashes, slashings, and open lattice-work are best left to the *demi-mondaine*, the picture-postcard, and the coloured supplement—authors of their being. The bathing wrap, worn to and from the water's edge, offers a fair field to the imagination in fantastic draping, odd combinations of colour. As for caps, the more freakishly they resemble Christmas favours the better.

"The maillot without knickers"

"The maillot . . . . must, to be smart, remain severe and unadorned"

For Those Who Swim Not

On the whole, it is the woman who does not swim—I was tempted to say who does not bathe—whose choice is widest. She may sin, or achieve distinction, to an extent limited only by her purse. Satin, *cachemire de soie, taffetas, crêpe de Chine,* poplin, are all at her command. She may wear short pantelets with a long *bébé* tunic and a low sash or a short tunic of dark taffetas with knee and elbow frills of tartan. She may adorn herself with embroidery, beads, and drapery. No colour is too bright, no effect too fantastic. She may wear elbow sleeves, short sleeves, or none at all, a high neck or a *décolletage* reminiscent of the ballroom. As for the effect of sea-water on the more decorative of these costumes, perhaps the less said the better—but, of course, the sophisticated wearer has no intention of wetting more than her ankles.

The American Bather

It must be admitted that the English bather has less scope for her ingenuity than her American sister. Our modesty is not so ticklish as to be alarmed by the spectacle of a bare female leg, and we forfeit the suggestive charm of silk hosiery alluringly displayed. The fair American bather in full panoply is a thing to wonder at. Imagine, if you can, a coquettish and corsetted damsel arrayed in a brilliant silk tunic, silk stockings or tights to match, high-heeled satin slippers, lace collar, reticule and sunshade, a choice nosegay of rubber flowers pinned to her bosom, and another in her cap, which is further adorned by a fringe of fetching little ringlets. Imagine, also, this same unseaworthy damsel incautiously venturing to the edge of the surf, overtaken by a curling breaker. . . .

Threatened Kilts

Even the American man has his disabilities. In more than one American watering-place the decency of his two-piece costume has been questioned. Why, indeed, should he be permitted to air uncovered shins? So far, he has been able to avoid stockings, but the eye of authority is on him: the hand of authority threatens modestly to robe his manly form in a kilt.

In France

As a matter of fact, the greatest delusion of all about nations and their bathing-dresses is that Frenchwomen are remarkable for scantiness of costume on the beach. Specially arranged photographs of *cocottes* at smart watering-places (taken, as we shrewdly suspect, to suggest an atmosphere of agreeable indecency that is usually quite imaginary) comic English papers and picture-postcards have all contributed to this delusion. The truth is that the Frenchwoman is less ready to show her figure (in daylight) than any other woman.

The Modest Frenchwoman

There is a real prejudice in France against the *maillot.* Indeed, the country of the *maillot,* despite its French name, is essentially Germany. In France, the *alma mater* of conventionality, it is not considered "quite nice." I remember a French lady, who is an admirable swimmer, once telling me with glee a criticism that had been passed on her for wearing it at a tiny seaside village miles from civilisation. "*Figurez-vous, ma chère,*" one lady whispered to another, "*elle porte un maillot; cependant c'est une femme du monde!*" EFEMERA

NEXT WEEK—
"THE PASSING OF THE GOLLYWOG"

"With a long bébé tunic"

Shopping Notes

BY MRS. JACK MAY

A Motor Tour Outfit

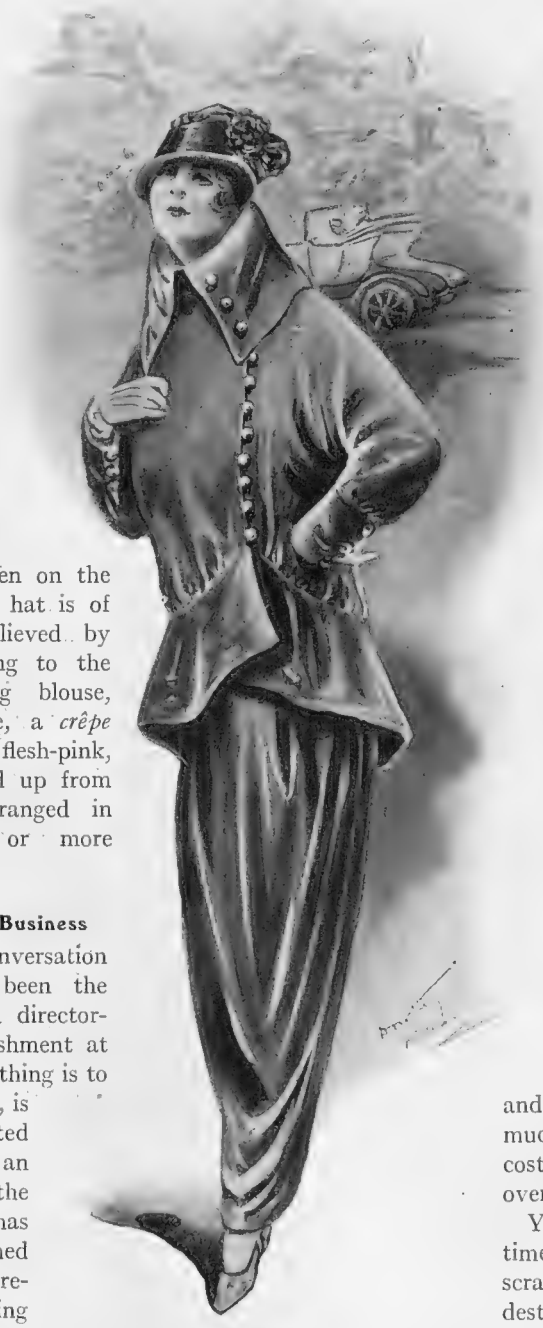
THIS, among other considerations, has come under my notice, and once a topic is started it is extraordinary how one meets it at every turn. A number of people are in favour of rather smart little day frocks of *crépon* or Shantung, which would be wholly concealed when on the road by a motor-wrap, while others cling to the stereotyped coat and skirt, resting their dressy salvation when lunching, etc., on some dainty blouse. Well, we have clung to the coat and skirt idea, though we have endeavoured to get away from the conventional, as will be at once gathered after a glance at the accompanying sketch.

In Drab Garbardine

The material used for the suit is drab garbardine, the skirt comfortably full, but draped to effect a desirable shapeliness, while the coat is rendered distinctive by a shaped *volant*, and an exceptionally high up and down collar, this being designed to button closely when on the road. The close-fitting motor hat is of waterproof silk in tone, relieved by two dull mauve roses shading to the pink. For the accompanying blouse, which is necessarily invisible, a *crêpe de Chine* in either white or flesh-pink, or a delicate tint graduated up from the drab, would serve, arranged in the simplest shirt style, or more elaborately as fancy dictates.

Reorganisation of a Famous Business

One of the chief topics of conversation in the shopping world has been the reopening, under entirely fresh directorship, of Maude Taylor's establishment at 223a-223, Regent Street. If a thing is to be done, let it be done quickly, is clearly the spirit that has prompted this rapid reconstruction. In an incredibly short space of time the well-known Regent Street shop has been redecorated and furnished by Waring and Gillow, and, therefore, it goes without saying that everything is carried out in most excellent taste, the whole making a fitting frame for the luxurious *lingerie*, blouses, etc., for which the name of Maude Taylor stands famous. So here is the best of wishes for further big successes.



A SERVICEABLE MOTORING COSTUME

The material used for the suit is drab garbardine, the skirt comfortably full, but draped to effect a desirable shapeliness, while the coat is rendered distinctive by a shaped "volant," and an exceptionally high up and down collar

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

"O'Cedar"

With the yearly pursuit before most housewives of putting their house in order the moment seems apropos for mentioning a new polish, the O'Cedar. This claims to be the most economical furniture polish ever produced, and is equally good for parquet floors and linoleums. The effect of O'Cedar is to secure a hard, high, lasting lustre, without leaving any bluish cast or any sticky surface. In fact, it is guaranteed free of grease, mineral, by-product or benzines, and is a pure vegetable substance. The way it is applied, also, is quite out of the ordinary, the polish being shaken out on a piece of cheese-cloth that has been wetted, and then wrung out nearly dry. After the surface is thoroughly cleaned it is rubbed with another piece of cheese-cloth until the desired lustre is attained; while for dusting, a damp cloth powdered with O'Cedar effectually removes the dust in a sanitary manner, the most callous housemaid being incapable of merely flicking dust from one resting-place to another when using Cedar. All high-class grocers and stores stock both O'Cedar Polish and the O'Cedar Mop.

Lightweight Baggage

Who has not had the doleful experience of travelling with a benighted individual, who, penny wise and pound foolish, clings to some old heavy-weight trunk, because it is too good to throw away, and who subsequently pays as much and even more than the cost of a new lightweight trunk in over-weight baggage.

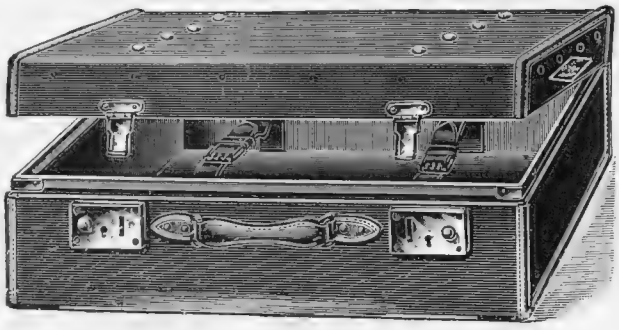
You cannot even give an old-time trunk away to-day; the scrap-heap is its one and only destination. And when the question comes of travelling about in motor-cars, then only the most modern mind is capable of dealing with the correct receptacles.

Toward this particular end John Pound and Co., actual manufacturers of great renown of leather

goods generally, have brought out a ladies' visiting case of best compressed fibre, covered with brown-painted flax canvas, that is a marvel of lightness. It is likewise rendered strong and durable by a nickelled steel frame, and is fitted with two double-action locks.

An Example

In the second illustration there is shown Messrs. John Pound's special design for a lady's week-end or dressing-case, made of rolled hide, lined with moirette. The spacious pockets are a feature, these can either be fitted to repletion or just a few necessary toilet addenda taken, and the superfluous space thus left being given up to dress details. In the largest size, 22in. by 14in. by 6in., priced at 42*s.*, quite a respectable amount of clothes could be taken, whereas the case of smallest dimensions, 16in. by 12½in. by 6in. resolves into a veritable handbag.



A LIGHT VISITING CASE

Of best compressed fibre, covered with brown painted flax canvas. Obtainable from Messrs. John Pound, 268-270, Oxford Street, W.

Abingdon Carpets

From long and intimate association with this interesting industry I am always pleased to be initiated from time to time in the progress going on at Abingdon-on-Thames. In connection with these capital and wholly unique hand-loom productions there has been issued a new edition of the booklet dealing with the various qualities. And this can be had for the asking from headquarters, the Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company. It is now an accepted fact that these people have solved the problem of the moderately priced hard-wearing floor covering, one capable if called upon to cover and render comfortable even a cement or stone floor. But there is a vast bridge now between the original cord carpet and the most recent productions. Take, for example, the Tapestry Carpet Square, woven of guaranteed worsted pile, in Indian colourings and design. I am also especially taken with the seamless hand-woven Grecian carpets; these seem to be the last word in hard-wearing stair carpets, and are offered in Olympia and Arabesque designs.

A LADY'S WEEK-END DRESSING CASE

Made of rolled hide, lined with moirette. The spacious pockets are a feature of this case. In the largest size, 22in. by 14 in. by 6in., it is priced at 42*s.*, and is obtainable from Messrs. John Pound and Co., 268-270 Oxford St., and many branches

Rush-Matting

As always, as the basis of the whole concern, there are the now far-famed Abingdon cord carpets and rugs and the "Isis" art rush-matting, the latter woven from rushes grown on the banks and inter-woven with coloured twine to secure an artistic coloured effect, while the cocoanut fibre matting has been a speciality of the work from 1851. Wherefore are the Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company experts and specialists and most satisfactory to deal with in every way in their own particular line of country.

A New Toilet Cream

Ladies who are anxious to preserve the skin and complexion this hot weather should make themselves acquainted at once with a novel and non-greasy face cream, which the well-known manufacturing chemists, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., have just placed on the market.

Ven-Yusa Creme de Luxe, as it is called, is not only admirable in that it is free from the grease and fats usually associated with face creams, but it also possesses an ingenious novelty. The proprietors claim for it that by means of the oxygen which it contains—the vital element of fresh country air—it is able to produce exceptionally beautifying effects on the skin. This particular feature of Ven-Yusa would appear to make it the ideal preparation during the trying summer weather we have had lately.

Without Grease

Another important point in favour of Ven-Yusa is that it leaves behind not the slightest trace of greasiness, either at the time of using or afterwards, and it is guaranteed not to grow hair.

Ven-Yusa has already obtained a great vogue. Its regular daily use is recommended to ladies desiring a soft skin and clear complexion.

The cream is put up in opal jars enclosed in dainty cases of wedgewood-blue and silver. There is also a Ven-Yusa Super-Creamed Toilet Soap, which is equally good in quality and very attractively packed.

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THE FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Will restore your hair to its natural condition.

If your hair is lacking in lustre, losing its colour, growing grey, becoming brittle, feeble and falling, use **MAYZONE**, the unrivalled Hair Tonic. It will speedily arrest these signs of failing hair-health.

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Post free **2/9** and **4/10**

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Very Smart COSTUME
of fine saxe blue cord. The striped collar is in contrasting shades to harmonise. The ends of the threaded belt are weighted with original drop ornaments.

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It is unequalled for preventing tan, freckles, and sunburn, and for shielding the complexion from the injurious action of heat, cold and wind.

Hence its extreme value when motoring, cycling, yachting, or when engaged in all outdoor sports and exercises.

It is also specially serviceable for evening use, as it protects the skin from the trying effects of a heated atmosphere or cold draught.

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Trial Bottle. 6d.

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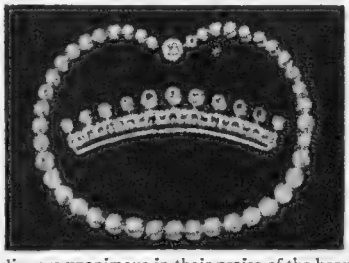

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Photograph *Sport and General*

THE START OF A RACE IN THE ROYAL TEMPLE YACHT CLUB REGATTA

Which was held at Deal last week. The race illustrated was that for yachts exceeding 75 tons T.M. and the winner over the 32-mile course was Lord Sackville's Sumurun (on left)

Bystander Sporting Comments

CRICKET

Brightening?

WITH some of the gilt off the Middlesex gingerbread even county cricket is getting a good deal more interesting in these latter stages of the season. The fine weather, which as we pointed out the other day is really the best prescription for "brightening cricket," seems to have given way for the time being to a rather medium variety, but this has helped at any rate to produce some notable bowling feats, which contribute in their way to the interest of the game. For two players, for instance, in county matches within a week to get four wickets with four balls is something rather startling even in these days of records. First in the field was A. Drake, who has done great things for Yorkshire during the short time he has played for them and on this occasion contributed very largely to their handsome defeat of Derbyshire. Altogether he took half the wickets for 6 runs!

***

Amateurs in Form

The Amateur, S. G. Smith, who equalled the feat four days later, had not the same satisfaction in the match against Warwickshire, but this was chiefly the fault of the rain, for Northhamptonshire were in a winning position when rain made it a draw. The amateurs, it is pleasant to record, are making a good show this season, especially in bowling. Such men as A. Jaques, F. R. Foster, A. P. Day, and certainly not least J. W. H. T. Douglas are a credit to any side. Douglas was, of course, largely responsible for the Gentlemen's revenge against Players at Lord's, in which he took 9 wickets in one innings and 4 in the other, and last week he was in form not only with the ball but with the bat—witness his 118 not out and 8 wickets against Somerset. It was certainly not a case that time of "Johnny Won't Hit To-day," as rude oversea spectators once christened him.

***

LAWN TENNIS

What we're up against

The announcement of the names of the United States team who are to defend the Davis Cup disposes of the reports that America was not likely to be able to pull out her best side. M. E. McLoughlin, T. C. Bundy, R. N. Williams and Karl Behr—they could hardly have got together a hotter collection. It was McLoughlin and Williams, of course, who snatched the cup from us last year. Behr was over at Wimbledon a few years ago and showed genius for the game, though it wanted taming and organising; Bundy we know not over here, save as the United States sensation of a couple of years since, who suddenly shot up from obscurity to the highest class—and, as the husband of one of our own former lady champions, Miss May Sutton.

GOLF

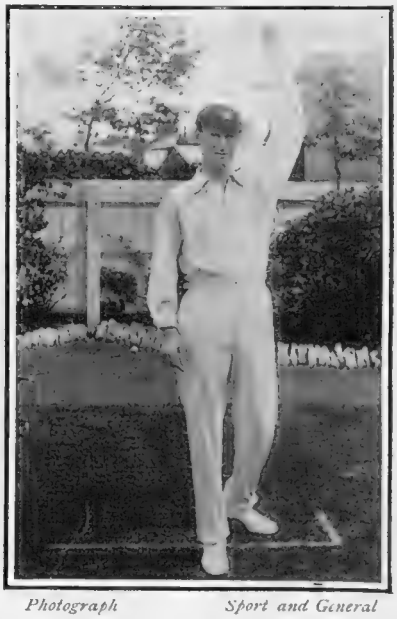
The Holiday Course

This is the time of year when we betake ourselves to holiday golf courses, often knowing very little of the links to which we are about to commit for a month or so our destinies, our hopes, and, quite possibly, our domestic happiness. For who does not know the effect on a golfer, however lightly he may try and treat the matter, of the sort of game he happens to be playing on a particular day? And the fact that on a holiday he's probably playing most days, with no intervening and counteracting interests of any vast weight, increases to the nth degree the subtle power over him of this insinuating and pervasive influence—this strychnine-like golf, which, according to the way one takes it, may be either a splendid tonic or a painful poison.

Photograph *Pictorial News*

MRS. PARTON

Taking a forehand drive in one of her matches in the Redhill Lawn-Tennis Tournament last week



Photograph *Sport and General*

S. G. SMITH

The Northamptonshire amateur, second man within a week to take four wickets with four balls in county cricket

Blessings of Ignorance

Very fortunately it often so happens that we play some of our very best golf on these comparatively unfamiliar links, sometimes only known to us by hearsay. And I believe it is the very fact that they are unfamiliar that enables us to conquer them—so far as we ever do conquer in a struggle so full of unexpectednesses and illogicalities. How often does one produce a quite amazingly good round on a course one's never even seen before! How often—alas!—does the friend whom we've invited for the first time to our own links show a lordly superiority to the troubles and traps that each week-end are piling up the white hairs on our heads and the wrinkles on our brows, and play so much above the form we've been justified in expecting (and hoping for) from him as to inflict on us not only a defeat, but a positive rout! And the chief reason of this, I think, is that because we don't know the difficulties in our way we overcome them with comparative ease.

***

The Tonic of Novelty

Golf is a matter of nerves almost as much as skill. Most people are painfully familiar with the condition of mind in which they have to say to themselves, "Now, I must forget that this bunker (or river, or whatever it is) is where it is, and play my drive, or approach shot, just as if it didn't exist." If we can attain that blessed state of mind it's more likely than not that the shot is a decent one. But the newcomer is saved all that strain; he reaches that beatific condition without effort, and hence, in very large measure, his frequent and astonishing successes. There is also, of course, the generally bracing effect of novelty, which is often found to have, in itself, remarkably tonic result. Thus we start on a new course with an advantage which does not wear off for a round or two, anyway, and by that time the fitness induced by leisure, added to the moral and physical benefit merely of knowing we are on a holiday, helps frequently to keep up the standard of our play for a considerable time, and sometimes even until the dread hour of return to work and worry. Over the *débacle* that has a way of ensuing then it is better, perhaps, to draw a veil.

THE JUDICIAL AIR IN GOLF
Note the judicial calm and equitable poise of Mr. Justice Atkin, who is seen driving from the second tee on the Pennard links, a sporting seaside course near Swansea

***

Our Record Score?

There is always the possibility, too, at this season, that we may do some really exceptional scoring which will be something to look back on and draw comfort from even in the darkest days that may follow. Sun-baked turf flatters one's long shots; even the "pros." profit—there were new records set up at Burhill, Surbiton, and elsewhere last week—and how much more the average amateur, who gains so enormously in length, while his approaching and putting, since his standard is less high, are not so much affected as theirs by glassy greens. The amateur has also this further pull in summer play that, should it be really stark, staring, hot weather, he can go round, without being exercised about it (unless he be one of the oldest, hide-bound school) in just a shirt and flannels—a thing no "pro." within the memory of man has done, or probably could bring himself to do.

F. L. M. D.

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The Goodwood Plate

I am writing these notes some days before the opening of the meeting, which makes intelligent tipping a little difficult. On Wednesday the Goodwood Plate is one of the longest races of the year, and none but a thorough stayer can hope to win it. I do not consider that **Annecy** has been weighted out of this event. The King George Stakes I regard as good for **Harmonicon,** who is probably the best horse at six furlongs now in training in this country. I shall expect the King to win a race at this meeting with **Friar Marcus,** probably the Lavant Stakes.

Other Events of the Week

On Thursday we have the Goodwood Cup, which provided a rare sensation last year when Prince Palatine broke down, and has yielded other notable surprises in the past. The highly successful Manton stable has several good horses in this long race, including Aleppo and The Curragh. The former has no less than 10st. to carry, which strikes me as being almost a prohibitive burden over this very searching course, but I think the selected one of the Manton string will win. Son-in-Law may be the best outsider. I should not look beyond **King Priam** in the Rous Memorial Stakes. **Brakespear,** or in his absence **Ambassador,** should win the Gordon Stakes on the concluding day of the meeting, and I see nothing likely to extend that fine mare, **First Spear,** in the Nassau Stakes. The week's racing will finish at Alexandra Park with quite a different type of sport. After then it will be a comparatively quiet time until the big meetings in the North of England come round. We shall have an interesting St. Leger. Corcyra will probably be favourite, but there is a doubt as to his staying powers. Peter the Hermit has to progress considerably in order to tackle Corcyra on equal terms, but his stamina seems unquestionable.

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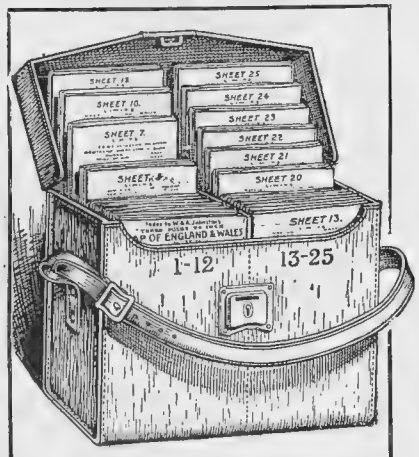

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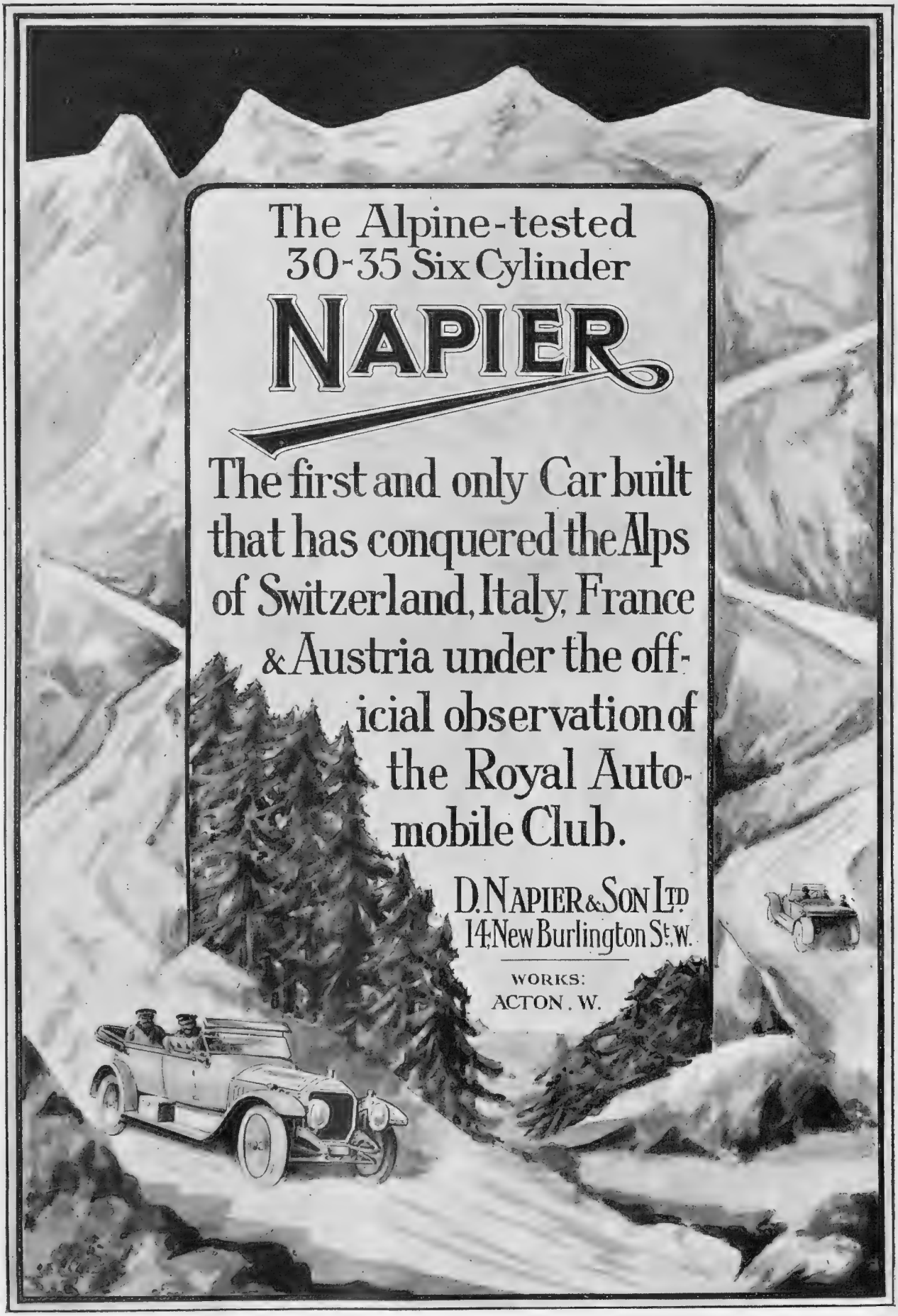
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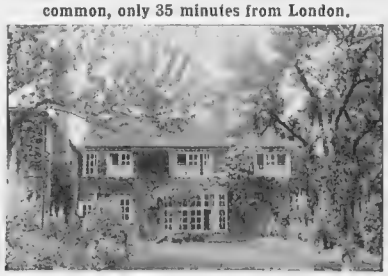

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SURREY (within 2 miles of a main line station and only 35 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT MODERATE-SIZED HOUSES in the county, well away from road and surrounded by
CHARMING WELL-WOODED GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.
Lounge hall (oak panelled), 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light, Company's water; stabling for 3, coach-house or motor-house.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

OWNER KEEN TO SELL.

HATLEY ST. GEORGE, TORQUAY.—For SALE, One of the finest PROPERTIES in this fashionable resort: 15 bed, 4 reception, 4 baths, very full offices; stabling; typical "Torquay" gardens of 4¼ ACRES; every comfort; electric light; perfect order.—Illustrated particulars of the Sole Agents, Messrs. SMITH and SON, Torquay; and of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SHOOTING OVER 2,000 ACRES.

£1,650 WILL BUY A PRETTY PLACE on the Hills of South Wales, standing high, and commanding fine views: 2 reception, 4 bed, bath; stabling for 4, 2 men's rooms; gardens of about 1½ acres.—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (17,515)

SHOOTING OVER 1,700 ACRES.

TO BE LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a comfortable COUNTRY MANSION, standing high, and commanding splendid views: 23 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 2 bathrooms; stabling 10, garage and lodge; all conveniences; acetylene gas; beautiful gardens and lawns; surrounded by 30 acres parkland.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (12,503)

£1,600 WILL PURCHASE a bonny little COUNTRY PROPERTY: 7 bed, 2 reception, conservatory, bath, stabling or garage; 2 cottages.
HEAVILY STOCKED GARDENS AND ORCHARD OF 2 ACRES.
Water laid on; main drainage; petrol air gas; hunting, shooting, boating, golf.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (17,196)

PRICE ONLY £850.

WILTS (near several important market towns and only about 2 hours from London).—To be SOLD, at the bargain price of £850, the above
OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE RESIDENCE WITH 4½ ACRES OF GROUND.
3 reception, 6 bedrooms, and several useful outbuildings. ONLY WANTS SEEING.—Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONLY 30 MINUTES FROM CITY IN A LOVELY SPOT.

TO BE SOLD, at a reduced price, the above exceedingly picturesque COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; excellent stabling for 8 horses, large coach-house.
EXQUISITELY PRETTY GROUNDS, BEAUTIFUL WOOD, IN ALL 14 ACRES.
—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SPECIAL TO SERVICE MEN.
In a pretty part of Herefordshire.

TO BE LET, a delightful COUNTRY HOUSE, 550ft. up and COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS: lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath; stabling, farmery; pretty gardens and 16 acres of meadow-land. Low rental.—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (17,511)

FOR SALE, CHEAPLY.
21, ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH.

A **FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE,** overlooking Private Park, and away to the hills and combes: 8 bed, 4 lofty reception, bath; Company's water and electric light; stabling, garage; pretty garden.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ORANGES, LIMES, AND VANILLA.

LARGE PLANTATION in healthy British West Indian Island; altitude 1,700ft. Estate comprises 285 acres, of which 135 mostly coming into bearing. Over a million oranges now on trees, besides limes and grape fruit. Owner being obliged to return home would SELL for £11,000; half could remain on mortgage, or a half share would be retained. This years' crop should, with proper handling, be worth £3,000, and annual increase may be expected. Fine climate. Good residence. All in complete working order. Splendid opportunity for large enterprise.—Apply to "Orange Groves," 54, Parliament Street, S.W., enclosing *2d.* for descriptive pamphlet.

IDEAL SITUATION BETWEEN HORSHAM AND W. GRINSTEAD.

A **BEAUTIFUL LITTLE RESIDENTIAL** PROPERTY, comprising a well-built family RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, approached by a carriage drive, together with stabling, garage, farmery, beautifully timbered and shrubbed pleasure grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, orchard, kitchen garden, ornamental water, and grassland, in all about
19 ACRES.
PRICE, FREEHOLD, £3,500 (open to offer).
—Box M 203, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

GOLF. BOATING. FISHING.
1 HOUR FROM TOWN ON MAIN G.N.R.

FOR SALE, a charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE; 3 large reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, handsome billiard room (all on 2 floors); beautiful pleasure GROUNDS SLOPING TO RIVER and pasture-land, 13 ACRES; good stabling and motor garage; all in excellent repair. GRAVEL SOIL. Price £3,000, or offer.—Box M 204, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

117 ACRES. £5,500. GREAT BARGAIN.
MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.
OR WITH 15 ACRES, £3,500.

SOMERSET (high up, midst beautiful country, and in a first-rate sporting district).—Handsome stone-built RESIDENCE: 8 bedrooms, bath, billiard, 4 handsome reception rooms; beautiful grounds with ornamental water; secondary Residence; excellent water supply; home farm; hunting, shooting, fishing.—Box M 205, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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WITH POSSESSION AT MICHAELMAS NEXT.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL PETERSFIELD DISTRICT.
A perfect all-the-year-round Home.
—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, as above, with 3 large reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), complete offices; excellent stabling and garage; delightful pleasure grounds with full-sized croquet lawn; kitchen garden, etc.
RENT, £155 PER ANNUM.
—Inspected by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (2,886)

Just in the market. An exceptional bargain. Near yacht anchorage. Golf. Trout fishing, shooting, hunting.

NEW FOREST (on the outskirts of).—A compact RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 207 ACRES of first-rate pasture, arable and woodlands, including a delightful old House, with lounge hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms, 11 bedrooms; excellent water and gas; capital stabling, and well-arranged homestead, 4 cottages; pretty pleasure grounds. Farm stock by valuation optional. *No reasonable offer refused for immediate sale.*—Inspected and recommended by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (2,394)

FRESH IN THE MARKET.

OXFORDSHIRE (centre of the Heythrop country).—For SALE, under exceptional circumstances, this charming HOUSE and ESTATE of nearly 150 acres: 13 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room; first-rate and extensive stabling, 2 cottages; farmhouse and buildings.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (6,349)

IN THE MARKET FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR YEARS.

SOMERSET (in the best residential part).—To be LET or SOLD, a beautiful TUDOR RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park. The accommodation comprises excellent suite of reception rooms, billiard room, complete domestic offices, with servants' hall, etc., 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. All modern conveniences, including electric light, capital stabling, garage, lodges, cottages and farmery. Beautiful pleasure grounds, grandly timbered park, shooting. Moderate rent on lease, low price for freehold.—Particulars of the Owner's Agents, FEAR and WALKER, Winchester.

ONLY £3,500, FREEHOLD.
Gravel soil. Near golf. Trout fishing.

A **GENUINE RED-BRICK QUEEN ANNE HOUSE** with a perfect old English garden; within 1½ hours of London, in a beautiful rural locality.—An unique old-world PROPERTY, with oak beams, inglenook fireplaces: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling, garage, cottage; beautiful gardens over 200 years old with massive yew hedges, fine herbaceous bordered walk and rose gardens, and productive kitchen garden.—Inspected and strongly recommended by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (5,671)

TELEGRAMS: "Mercoral, London."

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

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TELEPHONE No. 1579 Regent.

AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

SUSSEX (convenient for the coast and only 1¾ hours from town).—Choice little RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. PICTURESQUE OLD RESIDENCE, containing old oak panelling, etc., lounge hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, and 7 bedrooms; charming grounds, with tennis court, 1½ acres of woodland, and excellent well-timbered pasture-land,

50 ACRES. PRICE, £3,750.

2 cottages, large motor garage; excellent buildings; golf. Personally inspected. Strongly recommended.

AN IDEAL HOME FOR A CITY MAN.
ONE OF THE MOST
PERFECTLY APPOINTED PROPERTIES
IN THE DISTRICT.

Replete with every modern convenience.

SEVENOAKS (in the best part, 'midst lovely country, 1 mile from the station, on high ground). *3 large reception, full-sized billiard, 3 beautifully fitted bathrooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms.*

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING. GAS. MAIN DRAINAGE. CO.'S WATER. SOFT WATER APPARATUS INSTALLED. TELEPHONE.

Heavily timbered and shrubbed pleasure grounds renowned for their beauty, with grass and hard tennis courts, croquet lawn, terraces, rockeries, rose gardens, kitchen garden, and paddock.

STABLING, GARAGE, CHAUFFEUR'S COTTAGE.

FREEHOLD, £7,000.

—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

TO LOVERS OF GARDENS.
30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
Charming old Residence. 300 years old. Full of oak.

3 reception, billiard, bathroom, 8 bedrooms; stabling, garage; farmery; gravel soil; main water, gas; the *beautiful old-world grounds* absolutely charming, intersected by running streams, through wild woodlands; rustic bridges, lawns, flower beds, orchard, vines, paddock, **5 ACRES.**

Price, £2,150. Bargain.

Inspected and strongly recommended. Full set of photos.

15 miles from Brighton. Between Hayward's Heath and Lewes. For Sale at a Bargain Price.

A CHARMING AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE. — Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 10 bedrooms; hot-water radiators, petrol gas; good stabling, motor garage.

LOVELY OLD GROUNDS WITH ORNAMENTAL LAKE;

wide spreading lawns, pergolas, kitchen gardens, Japanese garden, etc., and well-timbered pasture-land, 5 ACRES.

THE MOST GLORIOUS SITUATION IN SUSSEX.
BETWEEN ST. LEONARDS FOREST AND ASHDOWN FOREST.

ARTISTIC BLACK-AND-WHITE ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 4 handsome reception, billiard, 4 bath, 14 bedrooms; electric light; main water; telephone.

FASCINATING PLEASURE GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 56 ACRES.

2 cottages; stabling, garage; farmery, sandy soil. Bargain price £7,500. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.

FRESH IN THE MARKET.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (near; 1 hour from town; 300ft. up, 'midst lovely country).—The above depicted beautiful

OLD BLACK AND WHITE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE,

in perfect order throughout; containing magnificent old oak beams and panelling, and surrounded by

LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS,

with stone-flagged terrace, etc. and well-timbered pasture-land. 16 ACRES (more land adjoining up to 50 ACRES can be purchased). 12 bed and dressing rooms: large lounge hall; bath; full-sized billiard and suite of three reception rooms; large motor garage and stabling; Company's water; light soil; telephone; new drainage; hunting, golf.

MODERATE PRICE.

—Full particulars of this unique property of the Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

NORTH DEVON.

Beautiful position, 300ft. above sea level, overlooking the River Taw; superb views.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, an attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, in perfectly secluded situation, approached by 2 long carriage drives with lodge entrances: entrance and inner halls, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 5, garage.

SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL GARDENS OF 6 ACRES.

Electric light, Company's water, main drainage.
—Box WG 76, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

35 MINUTES BY FAST TRAINS TO LONDON WITH GOOD SERVICE

HARPENDEN.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a choice position well away from the road, and commanding very good views. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; gas laid on; motor or coach-house; beautiful gardens of over an acre, including tennis lawns, flower gardens, etc.—For further particulars apply, —Box K 7,653, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

TAPLOW (30 minutes from Town on the main G.W.R.; high ground, gravel soil).—A beautiful GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: large oak-panelled lounge hall, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 10 bed and dressing rooms; electric light, telephone; main water; stabling, garage, with 3 rooms over; gardener's cottage; exquisite old-world gardens of 2 acres, renowned for their beauty.

BARGAIN, £5,500, FREEHOLD.

—Box M 201, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

ON A SURREY HEATH. 40 MINUTES OF TOWN.

AN ARTISTIC WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE is covered with creepers, and occupies a delightful position on sandy soil, with a private gate opening to the heath. The accommodation is conveniently arranged and comprises: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms and bathroom.

COMPANY'S WATER. ACETYLENE GAS. VERY BEAUTIFUL GARDENS,

stone flagged walks, paved garden with fountain, pergola covered with vine, wisteria, jessamine, and honeysuckle; sunk rose garden bounded by fine high yew hedges, tennis courts, rose garden, and copse containing many beautiful silver birch trees, primroses and daffodils in great abundance, in all about 3 ACRES. To be SOLD. — Box K 7,672, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

2 HOURS FROM LONDON, MAIN G.W.R.
A COUNTRY ESTATE IN MINIATURE.

High up, glorious views of the Mendip Hills.

A **HANDSOME CASTELLATED RESIDENCE.** Fine old studded door, casement and stone mullioned windows; carved old oak mantels; lounge hall, 3 reception, large studio, 8 bedrooms, bath; excellent domestic offices.

ENTRANCE LODGE. STABLING. GARAGE.

Beautiful avenue drive and OLD WORLD GROUNDS; finely timbered, paddock, old orchard, in all about

6 ACRES.

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN, £2,500.

Splendid water, modern drainage; telephone. Illustrated particulars on application. Very strongly recommended.—Box M 200, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

THE BARGAIN OF THE CENTURY.
A COUNTY SEAT FOR SALE AT FARM PRICE.

NORTH DEVON (close to a station, in a high and healthy situation, commanding the finest views in the county).—The imposing Family RESIDENCE referred to contains: 5 reception, billiard, bath, 16 bedrooms; there are very pretty pleasure grounds; stabling; farmery, cottage, and

OVER 100 ACRES OF PARKLANDS.

Price asked only £3,500. Open to offer.

The House and buildings are in tiptop order, and the price asked is less than half the cost to the present owner.

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FROM

H.M.S. "RENOWN"

For Bungalows, House Boats, &c.

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P.C.B. 56.

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The "MARLOW"

SIZES:— for ROSES

A	6″	high x 7″	diameter ..	14/-
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VERY SUITABLE FOR TABLE DECORATION

May we send you one of these?

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SOLE MAKERS:
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DURSLEY, GLOS.

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Battleship Teakwood Garden Furniture.

Teakwood is the ideal wood for Garden Furniture. It is hard and thoroughly seasoned, and requires neither paint nor varnish. Neither sun nor rain will harm it. Our Teakwood is selected from discarded Battleships broken up in our own works.

Here is the delightful "Collingwood" Set of Four Chairs and Table (£10 10s.) and the "Handyman" Tea Wagon (£3 15s.). With this you can prepare the tea-things at the kitchen door, and wheel it to any part of the garden. We offer a limited number of the "Collingwood" Sets to readers of "The Bystander" during August for £9 10s. Write for Catalogue, illustrating a large range of garden furniture, to:

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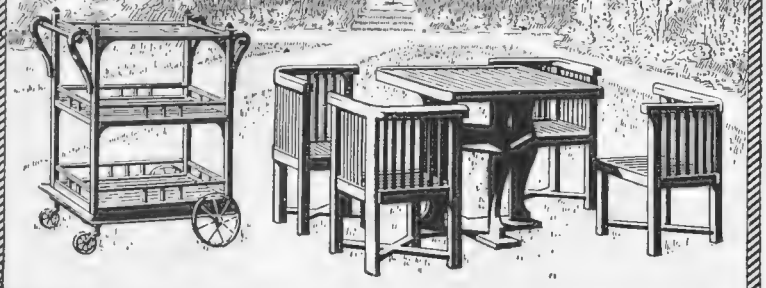
Shipbreaking Yard: Blyth, Northumberland.



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Perfect Comfort

¶ The Ideal Lounge combining luxurious comfort with elegance and durability

Prices according to length of seat.

23in. 27in. 30in. 33in. 36in.
23/- 27/- 30/- 33/- 36/-

Packed free

Send for Patterns of Coverings to Dept. B,

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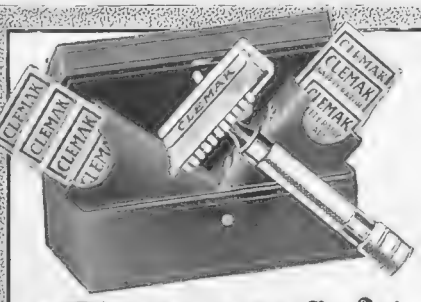
CRAMER PIANOS
139 NEW BOND ST. W.



So Quick — So Clean — So Comfortable,

and, withal, so simple that shaving with a Clemak is to be counted among the pleasures instead of the penalties of mankind. The keen, well-tempered Clemak blade skims the lather off the face and with it comes the beard, leaving the skin smooth and clean and comfortable. Pay what you will, you cannot get a better razor than the British-made "Clemak."

Silver-plated Clemak Razor with Stropping handle and seven blades. In neat box (as illustrated above).

Combination Outfit, containing Stropping Machine, Velvet Hide Strop, with Clemak and Twelve Blades **10/6**

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

Of all Cutlers, Stores, etc., or from

The CLEMAK RAZOR Co., 17, Billiter St., London, E.C.

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BEST'S "NEW IDEAL" SUIT CASE WITH ITS FITTINGS WEIGHS 9 lb.

THUS SECURING A SAVING OF 31 lb.

THE "NEW IDEAL" SUIT CASE

(With Improved Aluminium Fittings)

Contains everything needful, including a "Gillette," but variations can be made if desired.

Size: 24" Long, 15" Wide, 5½" Deep

WEIGHT ONLY 9 lb.

"The Case to carry oneself." £10 : 10 "The Case to buy for oneself." Made of Light Solid Leather, lined to match. May be sent on approval.

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BEST'S "IDEAL" TRUNKS

MAKERS OF EVERY REQUISITE for TRAVEL

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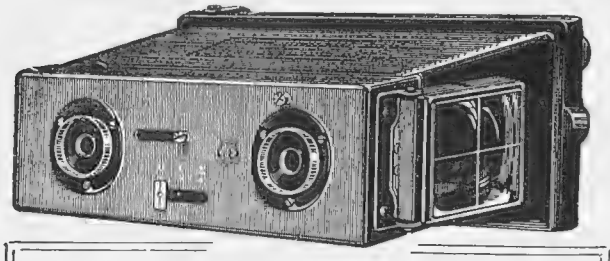
FOR WORLD-WIDE TRAVEL.



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HOW often, when showing your prints to a friend, have you felt like saying "I wish you had been there, I'm sure these photos don't give you a very good idea of the place" You feel there is something lacking, something that makes all the difference between a flat unresponsive print, and a picture full of life. You want movement, vitality, and the sense of air and distance in your holiday pictures. That's why you should have a Glyphoscope. Pictures taken with it show in bold relief every object and give a vivid sense of the scenes portrayed.

The GLYPHOSCOPE

is the only camera at a moderate price that enables you to take stereoscopic pictures It is well made, and its extreme simplicity enables anyone to take really fine pictures, a fact which accounts for its great popularity. Get a GLYPHOSCOPE and you will be delighted with its work.

Price of camera complete with 6 slides and stereoscope **35/-**

Make a point of writing to-day for new booklet No. 3, which is full of most interesting and useful information about the Glyphoscope and Stereoscopic photography.

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Over 100 Models to Select From

A well made and Comfortable Easy Chair in Tapestry. Sale Price **£2 : 15 : 0**

Artistic Easy Chair in Tapestry with loose cushion seat. Sale price **£3 : 9 : 6**

Easy Chair with deep spring seat, in striped Poplin or Tapestry. Sale Price **£4 : 10 : 0**

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Royal Moscow

Eau de Cologne Russe

Vastly superior to all others, and delightfully fragrant.

THE LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE PERFUME.

¼-litre ½-litre litre bottles.
8/6 16/6 30/- Post Free.

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GREAT EASTERN Rly Co

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H. W. THORNTON, General Manager.

Motoring by Land, Sea, and Sky

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A COLONIAL NAPIER IN SOUTH-WEST ULSTER

This photograph was taken outside Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh, and the car in the picture was returning from a tour in Galway and Clare where the conditions of some of the roads traversed are quite bad enough to warrant the use of a Colonial model

A Meeting of Congratulation

WE met—it was inevitable—to celebrate the victory of the Mercédès team in the Grand Prix. We had more cause for the meeting than usual. This was something large and convincing to celebrate, and although, being British and not being able to help these things, most of us would have preferred a British car returning bringing its sheaves with it, the most militant nationalist amongst us—again being British and not French—could hardly fail in the abundance of his congratulations.

***

The Great Pioneer

Historically, of course, the Mercédès holds as proud a place in the story of the car as any car can occupy. It was more than one of the pioneers; it was *the* pioneer, product of the genius of Gottlieb Daimler, who adapted the internal combustion engine to the purposes of road transport—and changed the face of the world in doing it, changed the road system, forced a recognition of the real place of the road in the national economy, revolutionised means of conveyance, killed the horse most stonily dead, changed the whole theory and practice of warfare, gave man access to the air, provided the Ulster Volunteers with the vehicle for dispatch-riding and gun-running (I have just seen a proud advertisement by a Ford car agent in Ireland announcing the fact that he is the originator of the scheme for mounting machine-guns on cars, and is ready, aye ready, to supply any number of Fords for the purpose—an ill-wind indeed that blows nobody good); and made possible—I am now writing about Daimler again—the public service vehicle, without which heaven knows how society could rub along. These things did Gottlieb Daimler—mainly unconsciously, I grant you, but his work was the first immediate cause—although we must not be forgetting the contribution of Karl Benz, Daimler and Benz being to the motor-car very much what Darwin and Russell Wallace were to the evolutionary hypothesis.

***

A Timely Victory

In celebrating the Grand Prix victory, therefore, we paid tribute to the genius of the father of motoring—and the author of our present means of livelihood! This was the official gathering, arranged by the English Mercédès house in Long Acre, a house that has kept the car's flag flying in these islands very successfully. The Mercédès has "come again" with dramatic suddenness after a long period of quietude, just when, I suppose, a large body of people were beginning to forget the very name. I do not suppose they will forget it again for quite a long time.

***

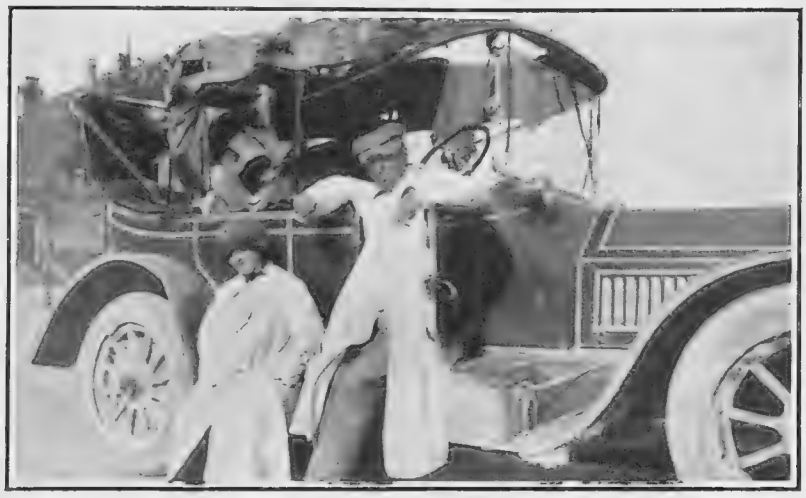
An Affair of Courts

I see there has been trouble about names. The Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft, La Société Mercédès, and Les Ataliers Mercédès-Daimler objected to the use by

THE "HUNDRED GUINEA" SAXON CAR

A wonderful little machine, which is just being introduced into this country at the low price named. It is the product of the Saxon Motor Co., of Detroit, and is by no means a mere cycle-car. It has a 4-cylinder engine of 11·1 h.p. Messrs. L. C. Lawrence and Co., 40, Sackville Street, W., are the agents for the South Eastern Counties

the French Daimler Company of the name La Société Francaise de la Daimler Motor Company, and appealed to the Courts. The Court of First Instance, and, subsequently, the Court of Appeal, were quite unsympathetic, and the German companies went away sorrowing, having failed to secure a verdict. The Courts held that the German companies' cars being generally known as Mercédès, could not be confused with the cars known as Daimlers, which seems pretty ordinary sense. Besides, they should be quite comfortable about relinquishing a name like La Société Francaise de la Daimler Motor Company. What an awful title if, having lost the telegraphic address, you have to wire the lot!



THE RESULT OF A MYSTERIOUS FIRE

A Cadillac Car, the hood of which, while the car was being driven back from the Austrian Alpine Trials, caught fire near Strassburg. As no one was smoking in the car, and it was going too fast for a carelessly thrown match to have had any effect, the only explanation suggested is that the fire was due to the heat of a very strong sun! Mrs. Boston, the driver, and her passenger, Mr. F. S. Bennett are seen in the picture

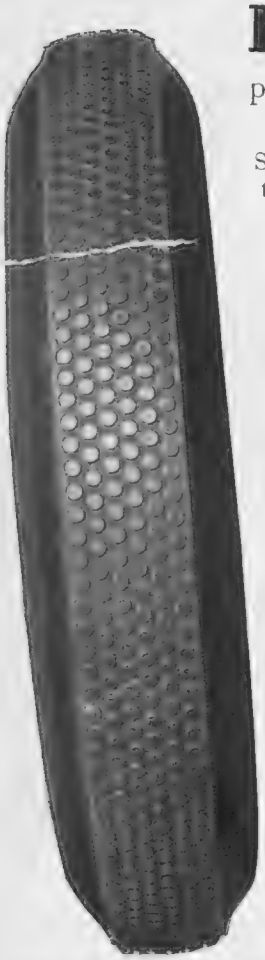
A Box of Revelations

To be able, as the leaflet promises, to detect and locate whatever fault may be manifesting itself inside the cylinders without taking anything down, is a very useful accomplishment, and worth acquiring, particularly when it can be done for a modest five guineas. There is a list of fourteen possible weaknesses which can be discovered (if any or all of them happen to be demonstrating their malignant existence), through the medium of a mystery-box called the Dinshah engine tester. Faulty magneto-distributor, armature brushes, contact-breaker, carburation, wiring, plugs, and any number of other things are revealed most definitely by connecting up four of the tester's five wires to the plugs and earthing the other. Besides the wires, the box (like a small hand camera) contains four vacuum tubes, and that is all. Yet you see the trouble as by X Rays you may see your bones through (this weather) the too, too solid flesh. It is the box of revelations, and its genesis for the purposes of purchase is at McDonald Mostyn and Co., 186-188, Shaftesbury Avenue.

* * *

Many Competitions

Motor competitions in one respect resemble the fistic competitions of the prize-ring. There have been quite a lot of both crowded into a small period of time. There (let us offer thanks) the resemblance ends, and we can drop the fist-fighter and deal with the car-fighter, the last-named having, if anything, even greater need of resource, nerve strength, quick wit, and skill than the first-named, and, in his own measure, almost as great a need for physical fitness. To sit in a car, press pedals,



Fit seven-inch Palmers —

put a studded cover on the near side driving wheel, and three-ribbed the three others.

Shod with Palmers, you can run a year without a puncture, with the surest road-grip that a tyre can give.

Look at these Tyres! They simply reek of Strength and Sheer Endurance; and inside, beneath those generous Treads, there's the famous eliminator of internal friction and transmitter of full engine power—the Palmer Cord.

Can you wonder that these tyres stand up, cool and safe for hours on end, at speeds which annihilate ordinary tyres within the hour?

The Palmer Cord Principle is right!

Palmer Cords mark the highest advance in tyres since pneumatics were invented.

The Studded cover is built on Palmer Cords, with Studs embedded in the Rubber tread so surely that the only way to free one is to **cut it out.**

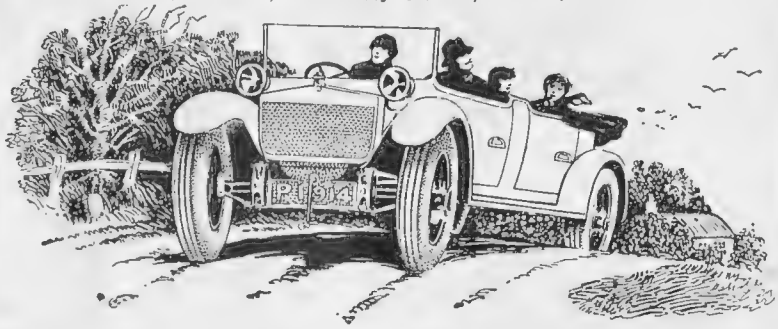
The Three-ribbed tread is tough, full of "life" and wear. Palmers originated the three-ribbed tread now universally adopted, and patented the famous cord construction which you can only get in Palmer Tyres.

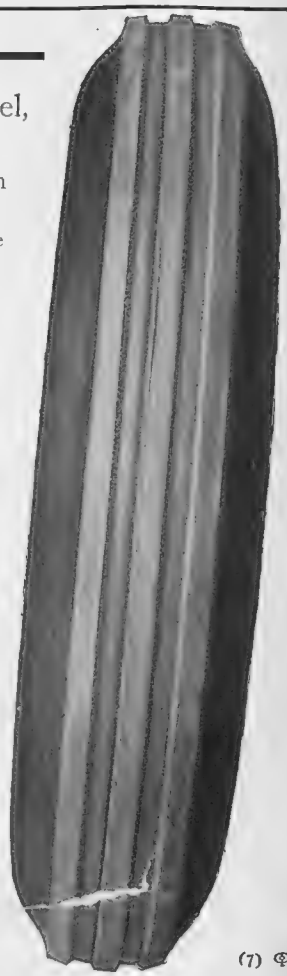
Palmer Cord Tyres

A Helpful Booklet for Car-owners,

showing safe inflation pressures, and giving hints on Tyre Upkeep, will be sent upon request. When writing, please ask for *The Illustrated Palmer Booklet.*

The Palmer Tyre, Limited,
119, 121, 123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.





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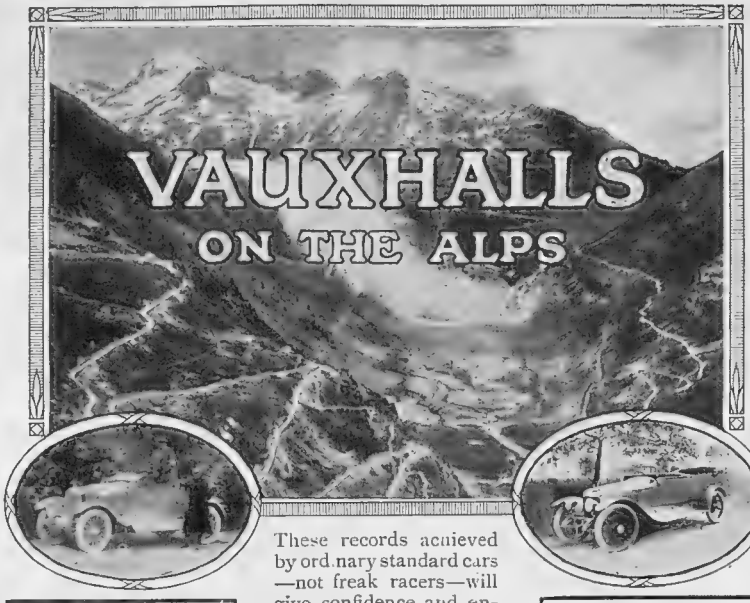
PALMER TYRE DEPOTS at London, Leeds, Glasgow, Birmingham, Nottingham, Coventry, Manchester, etc.



Mr. Tinsley Waterhouse on his 25 h.p. VAUXHALL in the Austrian Alpine Tour.

These records achieved by ordinary standard cars—not freak racers—will give confidence and encouragement to every owner and would-be owner of a Vauxhall car.

The winning VAUXHALL in the Swiss A.C. Trials.

The same type of Car fitted with the luxurious and fashionable Denbigh body can be seen in the showrooms. Price complete **£710**

Write for Booklet, "The Last Word."

VAUXHALL MOTORS, LTD.,

174-182, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.

The

Austrian Alpine Tour

and the

Swiss A.C. Trials.

TWO recent events have demonstrated the exceptional utility of Vauxhall cars for touring in difficult and mountainous country, the Austrian Alpine Tour and the Swiss Automobile Club Trial.

In the Austrian Alpine Tour a Vauxhall car, piloted by an amateur—Mr. Tinsley Waterhouse, who had never before entered any contest of the kind—came through with flying colours.

In spite of bad roads and the severe conditions of the trial, only one involuntary stop was made to change a sparking plug. The Vauxhall went up the steepest gradients, and negotiated the deep caniveaux (rain hummocks) which variegate these mountain roads, without a mishap and in a style which won the unstinted admiration of all observers. In this tour the Vauxhall car made the second fastest time up the Katschberg.

In the Swiss Automobile Club Trial which took place on June 27-30 1914, a standard 25 h.p. Vauxhall car took the first prize for the flying Kilometre Race and the first prize for the 700 Kilometre Road Race.

The Vinot 12-14 h.p. starting on its climb at Aston Hill, 16th May, 1914.

The SUCCESS at the Aston Hill Climb of

The 12-14 h.p. VINOT

THE VINOT 12-14 h.p. ordinary Standard Model was placed 2nd out of 12 competitors with a score of ·397 marks, being beaten only ·003 marks by the winner.

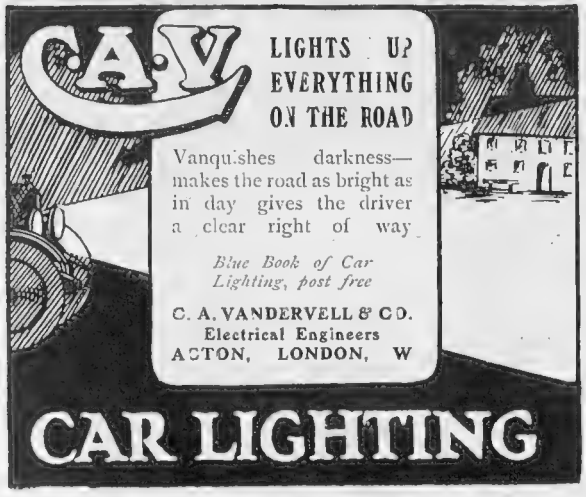
£315. **The Vinot 12-14 h.p. Two-Seater.** Complete with Dickey Seat at back, Hood, Screen, Five Lamps, and complete 12-volt Dynamo Lighting Set, Five Detachable Rims, etc.

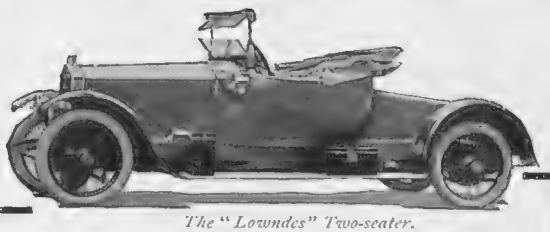
VINOT CARS LTD., 147-149, Gt. Portland St. W.

Telegrams: "VINOT, LONDON." *Telephone:* 6760 and 4762 Gerrard.

Stores and Repair Works: 1, 2 and 3, REDHILL ST., LONDON, N.W.

Telephone: 741 Mayfair.





The "Lowndes" Two-seater.

SIZAIRE-BERWICK

—the very name suggests most vividly dignity, power, luxury, —in a word, quality.

One chassis model only: 20 h.p.

F. W. BERWICK & CO., LTD.,
18, BERKELEY STREET,
Piccadilly, London, W., Eng.

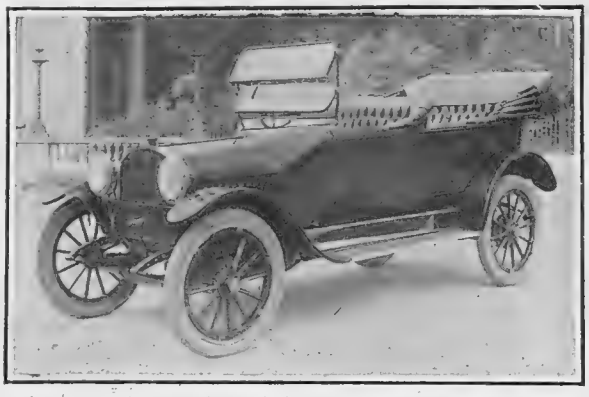
Tele. "Berickars, London." Tel. 1149 & 3259 Gerrard

pull levers, turn a wheel, and let the engine do the rest, sounds easy. And it is quite moderately easy under the conditions of the ambling tour in which you and I indulge ; but give us a big car that wants some nursing, and set us to the task the competitors in the Austrian Trials had to face, under the conditions that governed their driving, and 80 per cent. of us, if we understood within a little what it meant would with one accord make excuse. There is infinitely more in that job than meets the eye, and heaven knows enough meets the eye to make the soul behind it glad he is not at the wheel.

***

On Driving

Driving under such conditions, or under the conditions of a speed race, is an art and a science. There is little of either in the average motorists' driving. I often wonder what percentage of ordinary drivers in a sudden tight corner would do the right thing. I doubt very much the percentage would be large, simply because right emergency action is instinctive and product of the drilling of experience. An accident happened a week or so ago, unfortunately attended by the loss of one life and grave injury to others. That was due, apparently, to neglect of brakes, ignorance of what to do,and possibly—doubtless, I should imagine—loss of nerve. On a subsequent test over the same steep course with an identical car it was found that if all brakes failed the car could not exceed 20 m.p.h. with the first gear engaged. Heaven forbid that this should be construed into a serious reflection upon the unfortunate driver. It is mentioned only to illustrate the need for knowledge, care, and resource in driving, particularly in a race or on a difficult and dangerous course like some of the Alpine passes ; and, incidentally, it is a suggestion of the urgent need that exists for the average driver to get more familiar with the requirements of the case and not to imagine that the whole art of driving lies in the ability to change gears, use the throttle, and steer straight on an easy road. Get to know the car more intimately and how to keep it in safe running order, get to know what to do in an emergency, how to correct a skid, how to use the engine brake. Imagine difficulties and practice the method of overcoming them so that when they do arise the correct action will come automatically. And if a book will help, the Temple Press have just issued a good little one upon how to drive, a very useful book indeed for the tyro to have about the house.



THE NEW MODEL "R. C. H."

A good car of 15 h.p. selling at £225 and recently put on the market. The selling agents are Messrs. Byrom and Co., Bloemfontein Avenue, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.

Why can the Cadillac be sold at its present low price? Output, just output, explains it !

The 12-16 h.p. DELAHAYE, 4 cylinders, 4 speeds, with luxurious streamline body, C.A.V. Dynamo Lighting Set, spare rim and tyre, etc., £430. With self-starter, £450.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 'Phone Regent 5119.

The KLAXON is a necessary adjunct to every motor-car—as necessary to the safety of the public as to the safety of the motorist. Please send for booklet.—THE KLAXON COMPANY, LTD., 1, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

LIGHTNING

THE

New Smokeless Powder

(33 grain charge).

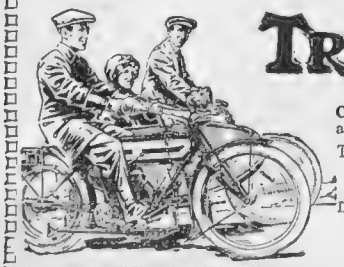
Very quick and hard hitting.
Minimum recoil.
Does not rust the gun barrels.

Sole Manufacturers:

THE SCHULTZE COMPANY, LTD., LONDON.

Pocket Game Register will be sent on application.

A Triumph—whether cycle or motor cycle—yields the full enjoyment of the open road. No other machine is made with more—or equal—care to ensure the pleasure and comfort of the rider.
Convincing evidence of this is the ever growing band of Triumph riders numbering many many thousands of satisfied users on the road to-day.
The Triumph 4 h.p. is equally suitable used solo or with sidecar.



TRIUMPH

Catalogue and Triumph "Hints and Tips" Booklet post free.
TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD. (Dept. R.), COVENTRY.
London, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow.
Agents Everywhere

FOR

SCOTLAND

TRAVEL

EAST COAST ROUTE

the SHORTEST and QUICKEST way to

EDINBURGH, DUNDEE, PERTH, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS AND WEST HIGHLAND RESORTS.

First Class Dining Car on "Flying Scotsman," which leaves London, King's Cross, daily at 10 a.m., Sundays excepted.

10 through Restaurant and Sleeping Car Expresses which enjoy the highest reputation for comfort and punctuality, and form the finest series of long distance trains in the world, are run each week-day from

King's Cross Station

G.N.R. the starting point of the "FLYING SCOTSMAN."

The Entirely New Carriages and Restaurant Cars composing this Train from July 1st represent the latest word in luxurious accommodation.

Write to Superintendent of the Line, Dept. B.S., G.N.R., King's Cross Station, for time tables and illustrated booklets, especially for "On Either Side," which pictorially describes the interesting places seen from the carriage window.

For Tourists' Outer-Garments

it is essential that only the very best SHOWER-PROOFING should be used.

THE "Cravenette" (Regd.) PROOF

is admittedly the best in the textile world.

It keeps the wearer cool in warm weather, warm in cold weather, and dry in wet weather.

DUST proof as well as SHOWER proof.

REG.D TRADE MARK "Cravenette" PROOFED BY THE Cravenette Co LTD

The CRAVENETTE CO., Ltd., affix their stamp only to such goods as are suitable in quality for Shower-proof purposes. Therefore, this stamp is a guarantee not only of Shower-proof properties, but also of the quality of the material.

"CRAVENETTE" Weather-proof Garments for all occasions obtainable in latest styles and newest materials from leading retailers.
If any difficulty write us and we will put you in touch with retailers who will supply you with the genuine article.
THE CRAVENETTE CO., Ltd, (Dept. 24), Well Street, Bradford.

JACKSON'S Wax Polish

The Brightest Shine in the Quickest Time

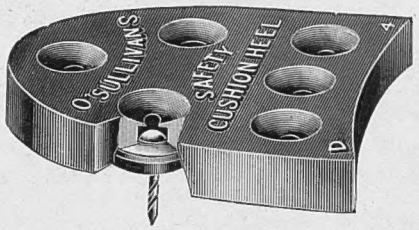
Free sample and booklet from works—
Malt Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.

You can increase your walking powers one hundred per cent. by wearing

"O'Sullivan's"

SHAPED

Rubber Heels



for the simple reason that your nerves will be entirely spared the jarring shocks, constantly recurring, of hard leather meeting harder road, which are the prime cause of foot weariness.

Their elasticity gives grace to your step and longer life and preservation of shape to your footwear.

They are made of only the finest and purest rubber and **shaped to fit any heel.**

Supplied in Black or Tan by all Bootmakers everywhere.

Ladies' **1/-** } Per Pair.
Men's **1/6** } Fitting extra.

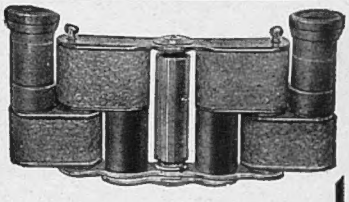
If your shoemaker cannot supply, send P.O. and outline of the shape of your heel to
The B.F. GOODRICH Co., Ltd.
117, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

A Genuine Sparkling Wine at a reasonable price. Fully matured and naturally fermented in bottle
At all Wine Merchants

Per bot.	Per case of 12 bots.	Per case of 24 ½-bots.	Per ½-bot.
4/-	**48/-**	**53/-**	**2/3**

GRIERSON OLDHAM & Co., *Ltd.*, 9, Regent Street, S.W.

The "Folding Minim" Prism Binocular



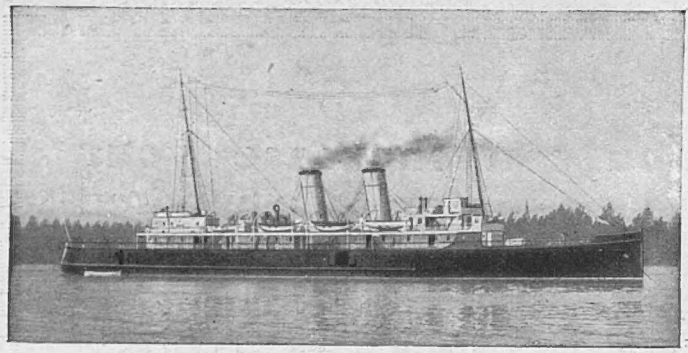
is **unique.** It opens flat, as illustrated, and slips into a pocket. It is excellently suited for all-round use, and is never "left-at-home." Price in pocket case, or solid leather sling case ... ... **£7 : 10 : 0**

We stock all Negretti & Zambra, Zeiss, Goerz, Busch, and Voigtlander PRISM Binoculars. Selections "on approval."

Write to-day for Illustrated List of "Binoculars."

Negretti & Zambra

38, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
City Branch : 45, Cornhill, E.C.
West End : 122, Regent Street, W.



S.S. "STAD ANTWERPEN"

The Belgian State Railways and Mail Packet Services' new turbine steamer, which plies between Dover and Ostend

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY?

SOME AUGUST RAILWAY FACILITIES

The Belgian State Railways

THE Belgian State Railways and Mail Packet Service to the Continent, *via* Dover and Ostend, are issuing particulars of excellent holiday facilities by their route to Antwerp, Blankenberghe, Bruges, Brussels, Ghent, Liege, Namur, Ostend, and Waterloo. Tickets are available for fifteen days. The voyages are made by such fine turbine steamers as the *Stad Antwerpen*, illustrated above.

The Great Eastern Railway

The numerous resorts situated on the East Coast offer a wide selection for the August holidays. In addition to the recuperative power and the bracing breezes there are many attractions for all, among the principal being golfing, boating, and angling. The facilities offered by the Great Eastern Railway embrace the following: Cheap excursions every Thursday to the principal towns in the Eastern Counties, every Friday to North-Eastern stations and Scotland, every Saturday to Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire, and North-East watering-places. Tourist and fortnightly tickets, available by any train on any day, also tickets for eight days by certain trains on Wednesdays are issued to all the coast resorts. Programmes, full information, and tickets can be obtained at any of the company's various City, West End, and other London offices, and any inquiry will be answered, and illustrated and descriptive guides and programmes sent gratuitously upon application to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

The Great Western Railway

The Great Western Railway Company announce cheap excursion bookings for short or long periods covering the holiday from Paddington Station to hundreds of holiday resorts by the seaside, on rivers and moorlands, in quiet rural counties, or nestling among the hills in the extensive territory through which the G.W.R. Line runs. Among the many places to which cheap trips will be made may be mentioned Aberystwyth, Abergavenny, Badminton, Bala, Banbury, Bangor, Barmouth, Barnstaple, Barry, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bray, Bridgnorth, Bridport, Bristol, Brixham, Cardigan, Cardiff, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Cheddar, Cheltenham, Chester, Church Stretton, Clifton Down, Clevedon, Colwyn Bay, Cork, Dartmouth, Dawlish, etc., etc. Full details can be obtained from G.W.R. Stations or offices.

The Brighton Railway

The South Coast is a delightful holiday ground, and the Brighton Railway have made extensive arrangements for the benefit of those desiring to spend the holiday at one or other of the popular health and holiday resorts served by the system. Brighton, which is linked with London by a service of trains that has placed the ever-popular resort in the category of the pleasantest of suburbs; Worthing with all its select appeal; Hastings with its wealth of historic interest and charm of surrounding scenery; Eastbourne possessing a magnificent promenade and Beachy Head; the Isle of Wight with seaside and inland attractions that never fail in their call after first acquaintance—these and many other delightful resorts gem the varied line of the "Sunny South Coast." The Brighton Company announce that at their West End offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, the special cheap and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, can be obtained at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway

The special cheap tickets which will be issued to Continental resorts in connection with August Bank Holiday will induce a large number of people to make a short stay abroad. Cheap return tickets to Paris, available for fifteen days, will be issued, *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, by special services from Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) at 9.40 a.m. on July 31 and August 1, from Charing Cross by the 10.0 a.m. service on July 30, August 2 and 3; *via* Dover and Calais from Charing Cross by the 4.30 p.m. service on July 30 and 31, August 1 and 3, and from Charing Cross by the 9.0 p.m. service from July 30 to August 3, inclusive. Full particulars of the excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the holiday programme and bills and train service supplement.

The Great Central Railway

For the many thousands of holiday-makers who will take advantage of the August Bank Holiday for a desirable change, the Great Central Railway Company have just published a most varied choice of excursion facilities to all parts of their system. A perusal of their special A.B.C. programme reveals the extensiveness of the arrangements offered to over 300 holiday resorts and towns in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North of England. Copies of this special holiday programme may be obtained free at Marylebone Station, G.C.R. agencies, or by post from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

The London and South Western Railway

From the August holiday programme issued by the London and South Western Railway it will be seen that passengers to Ilfracombe and North Devon are well provided for; in addition to the weekly period excursions, a special luncheon-car express will leave Waterloo at 10.35 a.m. on Friday and Saturday, July 31 and August 1, due Ilfracombe 4.10 p.m., and the 3.30 p.m. restaurant-car express will be accelerated on the Saturday to reach Ilfracombe 9.10. August holiday programmes, giving full particulars of extra trains, "Saturday to Monday" and extended "week-end" tickets, day trips to riverside and surburban stations, facilities for ramblers, etc., can be obtained at the Company's stations and offices, or from Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

The Great Northern Railway

The Great Northern Railway Company's August holiday excursion programme is a very comprehensive one, covering the coast resorts of Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Yorkshire, the inland watering-places of Woodhall Spa and Harrogate, and Scotland. On Friday, July 31, excursions for seven and seventeen days will be run to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Fort William, Inverness, and numerous other places in Scotland, a special feature being the provision of up-to-date corridor carriages with attendants who will be prepared to serve light refreshments; while on Saturday, August 1, a daylight corridor excursion for eight or sixteen days will leave King's Cross at 12.0 noon for Edinburgh and Glasgow only. Programmes giving full particulars can be obtained, gratis, on application at any of the Company's stations or offices, or of the Superintendent of the Line, 3, York Road, London, N.

Genuine Egyptian

The superiority of the Egyptian-made cigarette over so-called 'Egyptian' cigarettes made in Britain is recognised by every smoker of cultivated taste.

'Nestor' Cigarettes are distinguished not only by the unmistakable Egyptian flavour, but by the uniform excellence of their carefully selected tobacco.

'Nestor'

THE TRUE EGYPTIAN

Obtainable from your dealer, or at
10, NEW BOND STREET, W.

B114

Benger's Food is specially prepared to build up the weakened digestive system, and to promote a high state of bodily nutrition while doing so.

It is the only food enabling rest and regulated exercise to be given to the digestive functions.

Benger's Food is not a predigested food, nor does it contain dried milk. It is made with fresh milk, and forms a dainty and delicious cream, with a delicate biscuit flavour.

BENGER'S FOOD

is for Infants, Invalids and the Aged, and all whose digestive powers have become weakened by illness or indisposition.

Benger's Food is obtainable throughout the World of Chemists, &c.

Sole Manufacturers: BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

BRANCH OFFICES: NEW YORK (U.S.A.), 92, William St.; SYDNEY (N.S.W.), 117, Pitt St. CANADIAN AGENTS: National Drug and Chemical Co., Ltd. 34, St. Gabriel St.; MONTREAL, and Branches throughout Canada.

Estd. over 25 years. 12 Gold Medals.

HARRY HALL

"THE" Coat & Breeches Specialist & Habit Maker

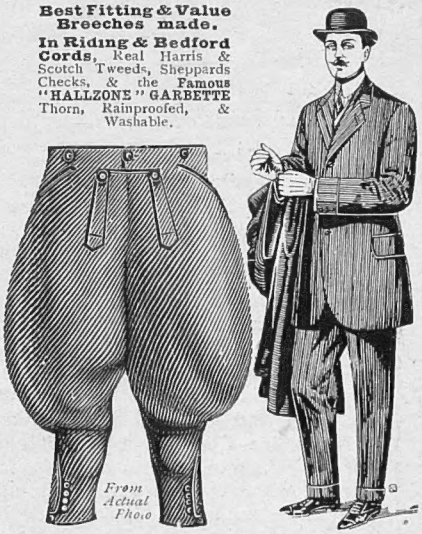
207, OXFORD STREET, W. (near Oxford Circus)
31, ELDON STREET (Liverpool Street), E.C.
ONLY MAKER of 'HALLZONE' IDEAL 'Gold Medal'

21/- RIDING BREECHES

(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere from 2 & 3 guineas)

Best Fitting & Value Breeches made.

In Riding & Bedford Cords, Real Harris & Scotch Tweeds, Sheppards Checks, & the **Famous "HALLZONE" GARBETTE** Thorn, Rainproofed, & Washable.



From Actual Photo

SUITS & OVERCOATS fr. **63/-** (as sold elsewhere fr. 4 & 5 gns.)

We specialise on the Cut & Fit of Dress, Morning & Hunting Suits

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-Measurement Form

PATTERNS POST FREE.

VISITORS TO LONDON can leave record measure for Breeches, Coats, etc., or can order & fit same day

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The "Introduction Packet" of Southalls' Towels is sent by post.

It is intended to facilitate personal test and prove their superiority. It contains 6 assorted Towels, and is sent post free under plain cover. Write to Lady Manager, 17, Bull St., Birmingham, enclosing 6d. in stamps.

The convenience of Southalls' Towels alone would make them indispensable. They save the entire cost of washing, and the health advantages are a great boon to womenkind.

SOUTHALLS'

SANITARY TOWELS

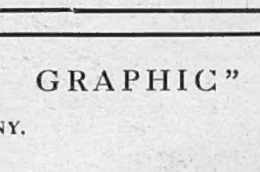
are unique, being made from a special antiseptic and absorbent material, evolved after 30 years scientific manufacture.

Being always ready, and so light and elastic as to be almost imperceptible in use, they afford a degree of security and ease not otherwise obtainable.

Southalls' are the only towels that absorb evenly throughout by capillary attraction.

They may be obtained of all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists, in silver packets containing one dozen at 6d., 1/-, 1/6 and 2/-, Southalls' Compressed Towels, full size, in tiny boxes. Size A, price 1d. Size B, 1½d. Size C, 2d. Size D, 2½d.

CAUTION.—Do not ask for "Sanitary Towels," ask specially for SOUTHALLS'.



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PRICE ONE PENNY.

BRIGHTEST OF MORNING NEWSPAPERS.

The Menu: The Preparation of Salads

IN the hot weather that we have been experiencing lately a very necessary item in the daily menu is a salad, and now that lettuces are in such good condition, cold suppers or luncheons might consist principally of this dish. A large tender fowl boiled and allowed to get cold can be utilised to advantage. The meat should be removed from the bones, and chopped into fairly small pieces; to this slices of ham or tongue can be added, and then the meat well mixed in a bowl containing lettuce, tomato, hard-boiled eggs, new potatoes (cold), and peas. Over the whole a dressing should be poured, and the result is excellent, thoroughly appetising, and well suited to the time of year. Lobster, crab, or cold turbot can be substituted for meat.

Broad Bean Salad

Take some cold broad beans, skin without mashing, lay them in a salad-bowl, a layer of beans, and a layer of chopped ham. Repeat until the bowl is nearly full. Grate a stick of horse-raddish, add to it salt, pepper, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one ditto of made mustard, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and three ditto of cream. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg.

Flemish Salad

Cut up any dried fish or herrings into wafer-like slices, put them in a salad-bowl with potato, tomato, lettuce, cold boiled carrots, and a very few spring onions, all cut into small slices. Pour a mayonnaise over this, and serve.

Russian Salad

Cold vegetables are required for this salad, potatoes, peas, beans, and carrots. Cut these into dice, add a little grated horse-raddish, and a very little chopped shallot. Then cut up a little cucumber, raw tomatoes, and shred some lettuce. Put all these ingredients in a rather flat dish, mix the sauce well with them; season with salt and cayenne pepper, heap the salad up. Garnish with strips of lettuce and tomato.

FOR THE SAUCE.—The yolks of two raw eggs, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a little pepper, salt, and a pinch of sugar; then drop in some salad oil, gently stirring all the time with a wooden spoon until it thickens to a cream, then add the juice of half a lemon, and a little tarragon vinegar.

Grape Fruit Salad

Carefully remove in sections by means of a fruit knife the pulp from two or three grape fruit. Wash, trim, and drain on a cloth a cos lettuce. Arrange the leaves of the lettuce neatly in the form of a bed on a dish, and place on it the sections of grape-fruit. Have ready a salad-dressing composed of three-parts of olive oil, one part of lemon-juice with salt and pepper. Mix well, then pour over the salad and serve.

An American Salad

Cut a cabbage into the thinnest shreds possible, season it well with salt, black pepper, tarragon vinegar, finely chopped onion, salad oil, and cream. Mix all well together in a bowl, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, strips of tongue or ham, some capers, and sprinkle it well with chopped tarragon and chervil.

Fruit Salad

A good salad can be made with bananas, pineapple, cherries, and either strawberries or raspberries. Stone and cut up the fruit, and let it all soak for an hour or so in a syrup flavoured with a little brandy or liqueur. A small tin of pineapple, two oranges, two bananas, and ½lb. each of cherries and either strawberries or raspberries makes a good-sized salad and cream served with it, is a great improvement. EMILIA

The Editor's Box

At the Palladium

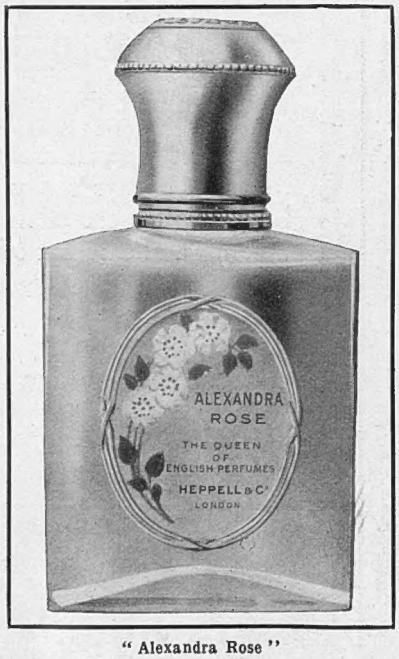
Last week's show at the Palladium was even beyond the usual high standard of entertainment at this popular house in Argyle Street, W. The revue, "Dora's Doze," had its usual enthusiastic reception, and there was a very amusing little sketch entitled "The Chorus Girl." Among the other turns that of Miss Cissie Lupino stands out prominently. She is a charming young dancer who should go very far indeed. Her Lancashire clog-dancing was especially appreciated.

An Appreciation

Here is a letter from a thankful user of Zotos, the well-known sea-sickness remedy obtainable from Zotos, Ltd., 32, Theobald's Road, W.C., and all chemists: "Some time back I had a supply of Zotos, and have taken the capsules whenever crossing the Channel since. Though one of the very worst of sailors, always dreading a sea passage, I have never since been sea-sick. Of course, I have not attempted a really rough crossing, that would be fool-hardy, and there has been no need, but each time others have been sea-sick and formerly I was always one of the first to succumb. I am thankful to know of Zotos, and should never dream of going on a vessel without this remedy." Good enough!

An Appeal Case

I am asked to say that in the appeal case Lamport *v.* L. Siegenberg, sen., and jun., and the London County and Continental Share Exchange, Ltd., a new trial was directed, and the damages and costs paid by Messrs. Siegenbergs ordered to be returned.



"Alexandra Rose"
A bottle of delightful perfume, sold by Messrs. Heppell and Co., of Piccadilly and the Strand

"Alexandra Rose"

It is not often one comes across a really delightful scent at a really reasonable price. This good fortune has, however, recently come the way of the writer of these notes, and the scent in point is Heppell's "Alexandra Rose." It is justly claimed for it that "each drop suggests the true perfume of an old English rose-garden." In stoppered bottle with a handsome gilt cap and enclosed in a casket, "Alexandra Rose" can be obtained for 4*s.* 6*d.*, and sachets of the same scent for corsage or handkerchief-box are 1*s.* 6*d.* each, from Messrs. Heppell and Co., Hotel Cecil Buildings, Strand, W.C., 164, Piccadilly, W., 35, Haymarket, S.W., and other branches.

Cyder

An interesting booklet has just come to hand in Messrs. Whiteway's price-list for 1914. It includes an interesting article, entitled "Pure Cyder in Health and Sickness," a description of the methods by which cyder is made and details and prices of the various brands turned out, which include dry sparkling cyders, sweet sparkling cyders, still cyders, cydrax (without alcohol), perry apple vinegar, pomvita (an apple liqueur), cyder in cask, and cyder for bottling.